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SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P.R.A.

SIR MARTIN is a painter, a scholar, and a gentleman, wearing his triune honors with a manly grace, and with that sort of unembarrassed modesty one would be apt to attribute to a favorite hero.

He is essentially an Irish gentleman; and all who can appreciate elegance of manner, *fertilized* by enthusiasm, will not fail to do homage where it is due. There is in his demeanour a candour and warmth which encourage timidity and excite congenial minds, while, at the same time, a habit of reflection has tinged the exuberance of his fancy with the cooler tints of reason. The shamrock of Erin and the rose of Albion entwine gracefully around the brows of the President.

Like his countrymen in general, he is eloquent, but his eloquence is of a high order; stores of knowledge and conclusions of reason are so linked with vivid creations of fancy and corruscations of wit, as to give his oratory a peculiarly popular character: it is bland, yet vigorous—argumentative, yet fanciful,—and even when measured with men whose profession it is to give thoughts utterance, he retires from the lists, the laurelled champion of the Arts. Were all artists as sincere in their professions of regard for the welfare of Art, and as enthusiastic in their attempts at forwarding its interests, it would not be in so lowly a condition as it is at present.

In the President's discourses, and in his speeches at the annual dinner, his constant aim is to impress on the minds of the powerful and wealthy, the importance of the refined Arts, as vehicles of civilization, and to claim for them that consideration, without which, they are fit only to furnish toys for children, or goods for traders. In his last discourse, December 1833, on the anniversary of the distribution

of medals at the Royal Academy, in pursuance of his constant desire, and in expectation of the presence of some of his Majesty's Ministers, he introduced into the able oration which he delivered, a powerful exposition of the languishing state of the Arts, and an appeal to the virtù and patriotism of artists and patrons. He concluded by lamenting, that in the present peculiarly utilitarian age, the Fine Arts are doomed to neglect, since "they refuse to advance on a rail-road, or to be worked by steam."

There is an idle outcry against the supposed impropriety of electing a portrait painter President of the Academy; a complaint which arises from ignorance of the qualifications required for that important station. As a medium between the Monarch, the court, and the profession, the President must be a person of pleasing address and social talents: it is not sufficient that he be great in the studio; he must, as the able and polished delegate from a proverbially retired race—who loose their fancies, but their habits chain—possess sufficient enthusiasm properly to espouse the cause of Art, yet sufficient tact to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis, which threaten even the best intentions, unaided by social skill. In the present instance, the members of the Royal Academy have, in their election, shown a proper regard for the interests of the institution.

As an artist, Sir Martin ranks high, although it cannot but be regretted that a person of his attainments, and of his peculiarly artistic fancy, should have been withdrawn from the higher branch of Art by those claims which it would however have been imprudent and unjust to have denied. His power of pencil is great: he impresses on all his works the character of an educated mind; and no attempt to avoid the difficulties of Art can ever be traced, the drawing being vigorous and correct, and the colouring, though it may partake, at times, somewhat of the texture of wax, firm and harmonious. The portrait of the Marquis Wellesley, exhibited in 1833, affords an admirable specimen of the President's abilities, and presents those qualities in which the English school is most deficient—drawing and finish; affording, to the juniors in Art, the truly valuable example of patient labour in the minutiae, with breadth of effect in the general composition. The peculiar characteristic, however, of the works of the President is, that they all bespeak the gentleman; there is none of the narrow conceit of the mere mechanic conspicuous in them; the mysteries of the palette are not obtruded; and although they reach not that intense truth which is to be discovered in the ancient masters, they are fitting ornaments for the proudest palace or the most smiling boudoir. Sir Martin

may safely allow to others supremacy in one branch of refined Art. He who wields with equal success the pencil and the pen, and by word of mouth utters "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," is to be compared but with few; and even amongst the chosen few, an honourable station would be assigned, to the painter of the Marquis Wellesley and Charles Wynn, and the author of *Alasco*, and the *Rhymes on Art*.

Leigh

BRITISH SCHOOL OF LIVING PAINTERS.

C. STANFIELD, Esq. A. R. A.

STANFIELD is an artist of whom a great deal must be said, both in his character of what we may call an exhibition and also a scene painter; to be enabled to arrive at a just estimation of his genius: as nothing is great but by comparison, we must try him by an impartial criticism and by comparing him not only with the greatest of his contemporaries, but also by those undeviating principles of Art, indispensably necessary to be followed by the painter, when endeavouring to substantiate the likeness of natural objects and effects through an imitative medium. It has always been currently reported, and therefore we take it merely on such grounds, that Stanfield passed the earlier years of his life at sea, to which circumstance is to be attributed his partiality and excellence in the painting of marine subjects. There can be no doubt then that being artistically inclined from very boyhood, the opportunities afforded him by being on board ship, materially operated in developing the peculiar forte of his mind.

The date of his *debut* as an exhibition painter is comparatively very recent; but his reputation has, during this brief period, been widely spread, and he has won "golden opinions," far and near, at home and abroad. Possessing the twofold character of exhibition and scene painter, we will for clearness sake, and for the better elucidation of his merits, take each separately, and commence first of his merits as an exhibition painter.

Stanfield commenced, we believe, as an exhibitor, by enrolling himself as one of the members of the Society of British Artists, when that body was formed in 1823, and continued annually to exhibit there; until within these two or three years past, when other motives—motives that we shall by and by take the liberty of questioning—induced him to withdraw himself, and to exhibit only at the Royal Academy and the British Institution.

Previous to the time of Stanfield's being known, the marine subjects generally exhibited, with the exception of those by Turner and Calcott—were very inferior, both as to the drawing and bearing of the vessels, and also in respect of artistical management and execution. When, therefore, Stanfield's small yet spirited paintings came out, public attention was not tardy in welcoming and awarding him the highest merit; and when in 1826 and 1827 appeared his paintings of "Market-boats on the Scheldt," and "Wreckers off Fort Rouge, Calais," at the British Institution, he at once established himself as a marine painter, second to none but Turner and Calcott; and even to be second to those two is far from being in a degrading position. The painting of "Market-boats on the Scheldt" appeared at the Institution at the same time that Bonington's two first works were exhibited in this country. Bonington's displayed a variety of colour and tone, a bold and novel style of execution, and immense atmospheric effect. Stanfield's was clear in effect, but it was the clearness arising from crudity, rather than from a rich and mellow combination of colour and tone. Yet taken upon the whole, and to divest oneself of too close and severe a comparison with other great works, this before mentioned painting of Stanfield's was a very beautiful work of Art, and worthy of the high admiration it received. The picture represented, as some of our readers may recollect, a number of Dutch Market-boats, laden with their different commodities, most picturesquely grouped together; enriched and diversified by characteristic figures; the water being calm and placid as a mirror, gave to the whole a serenity and stillness exquisitely true to nature. The drawing and colouring of the more near or local objects and boats, displayed Stanfield's peculiarity and taste on such subjects; and altogether the effect was clear and transparent, brilliant and highly effective. In the next year's exhibition of the Institution appeared his truly fine work of the "Wreckers off Fort Rouge, Calais;" a work which we may safely say, he himself has never since surpassed, for truth to nature, terrific grandeur of effect, and masterly execution. Herein was shown the utmost capability of his powers as a marine painter. There was an originality too in the design and grouping of the wreckers, (to use an artistical phrase) in the fore-ground. The sinewy form of the black was well conceived, and all the figures were in fact variously and appropriately engaged, and formed upon the whole, a picturesque, and at the same time, forcible illustration of the adventurous life of a wrecker and fisherman. This fine painting was engraved by Quilley, in mezzotinto; but, we regret to say, with

indifferent success. It failed to convey the spirit and energy of the original.

It is curious to observe how the growth and increase of certain institutions, beget habits and customs, to those belonging to them, which otherwise would never have occurred. We allude to the practice, now almost rendered indispensable for every artist who wishes to attract attention, to paint, what are termed among artists—exhibition paintings. Art, in its earlier state in England, needed no such incentives to draw attention. Painters were, comparatively few in number, and exhibition rooms, neither so numerous, nor so crowded and overstocked, as they are now. Still, every evil produces its own good; for, to this custom are we indebted for the production of some of the finest works of Art in the country. Most young painters, in commencing life, exhibit first only small paintings, and then, having gained a footing, and acquired confidence, they soon feel thoroughly convinced, that if they were to continue to exhibit only such small works, it would be years ere they should attract the attention of the world of Art, or the petty ignorance and sneers of a newspaper critic; or perchance excite the enthusiasm and admiration of one more acute and gifted with penetration. He then finds it necessary, at every fresh exhibition, to forward a work on a gigantic scale, which he feels assured "must attract notice," be it hung ever so badly. On this principle have all our painters acted, and Stanfield, one among the many. His next great works of consequence were, a view of "Eastlake Park," the seat of George Watson Taylor, Esq., exhibited at the Society of British Artists, in 1829; and, "Mount St. Michael," exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1830. The first was an extensive view of a very beautiful country, masterly coloured, and executed with magnificent powers of handling. Eastlake Park and house, were represented in the middle ground, rather under the effect of passing clouds, the distance broken by brilliant bursts and gleams of sunshine; and the fore-ground, altogether under the effect of one broad mass of light, in which were represented a country road, furrowed and broken, picturesquely surrounded by woody groups of young and stunted trees; and a country labourer, leisurely wending his way down the road. Altogether, this was a beautiful painting, and one on which Stanfield may proudly rest his reputation; as it displayed more of originality, and what we have always considered more of the true taste of his genius, than the many imitations he has since indulged himself in. When delineating Venetian and Italian scenery, he has kept his eye more on the pencilling and effects of Canaletti and

Guardi, and oftentimes of the grouping of Turner, than of truth to nature, and permitting his own genius to have free scope. "St. Michael's Mount," was represented under a stormy effect. The painting of the sea in agitation, was good; but upon the whole, it did not strike us as being equal to the wreckers, either in conception, execution or effect. There was a heavy and monotonous air over it, a tameness and sameness in the colouring which failed to please the eye, or excite the imagination.

From this time to 1832, Stanfield exhibited nothing of consequence; but, at the exhibition of the British Institution that year, he had a painting, by order of his Majesty, a view of Portsmouth, with a ship getting out of harbour. This as a work of Art, and by Stanfield, was inferior to his previous ones. The fore-ground was particularly harsh and crude in colour. At the Royal Academy exhibition of this year (1832), was exhibited his painting of "His Majesty William IV., opening the New London Bridge." Taken as a pictorial representation of a gorgeous pageant, of waving flags, gilt and carved boats and barges, and countless masses of people, the effect aimed at was accomplished, and it may descend to posterity, certainly with every evidence of truth and correctness, as a representation of that scene. Taking it, therefore, in such a light it may perhaps be unjust to estimate it as a work of Art, and yet the question naturally arises, why even in the delineation of such a scene, the painter should not have aimed to throw into it every poetical feeling, and invested the whole with the charms and splendors of a rich and tasteful imagination? Surely to have done so, would not have been incompatible with true representation!

In the year 1833, Stanfield was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and to the last exhibition he sent a large painting of the "Ducal Palace, Venice." A work, on the merits of which he doubtless founded his claims to being a member of the Academy. As a painting, and merely as such, it was cleverly executed; corresponding to the importance of the subject, do men generally display their ability successfully to grapple with it, or otherwise. Now in truth, we must say, that in this painting the faults of Stanfield, as a painter of cabinet pictures, was more glaringly developed than in any other. On looking at it, the picture presented a confused mass of objects, having no centre point of attraction, no magic charm of *chiaroscuro* to rivet the eye, and soothe the mind to reverie and reflection, on the past, and dying glory of the once proud and imperial mistress of the Adriatic. The sky was tame, cold in colour, and execrable in

management. Here was a broad mass of cold blue, frittered here and there with spots of white. Here was no broad expanse of the far famed blue sky of Italy, of that sweet South, in whose very weeds, said Byron, there is poetry. The handling and colouring of the "Ducal Palace," were a clever imitation of Canaletti and Guardi, but the fore-ground and objects, in every part Stanfield himself. Objects were confusedly mingled together, and arranged without taste, and coloured without harmony. It would make a magnificent scene for Drury Lane Theatre; but as a specimen of Art, on which to rest his claim to be accounted a great painter, we must with truth pronounce it a failure.

Having now enumerated the chief exhibition paintings of Stanfield, and dilated on their merits and demerits with sincerity, and according to the tenor of our honest opinion, it will not be amiss to say a few words, by way of summing up, on his general merits and characteristics, as a painter of cabinet paintings; and still further to probe and attest his talents, try him by a comparison with the great luminary and giant of the day, Turner.

As a draughtsman, and delineator of objects and a scene, he is certainly most graphically true, and if any thing, invariably too much so, by bestowing on every local object too much labour; causing it to assume a more conspicuous place, and introducing in one scene too many objects of the same strength and tone of colour, thus destroying one of the finest principles of Art, breadth, and harmony. In his colouring, the same faults are observable. A rawness and crudity of colour, always presenting a heavy harshness, no richness, no playful mellowness of tone; every part too much partaking of positive colour. Such incongruities will not be found to exist in any one work of Turner's, for although his exuberance and richness of colour, oftentimes, borders on the extreme, still he is never out of the limits of breadth and harmony.

Turner can give force and splendor to his most distant objects, by his masterly management of chiaro-oscuro, and exquisite knowledge of aerial and linear perspective. Without exaggeration, he invests every scene with the charms of soul-soothing poetry, and powerful imagination. Now of poetry and imagination, there is but little perceptible in the works of Stanfield, at least of that high and elevated cast, such as is to be found in Turner.

The harshness and crudity, before mentioned in the works of Stanfield, must be attributed as much to his being accustomed to scene painting, as to a natural defect.

Still, deficient as Stanfield may be, in all the higher qualities of poetry and imagination, he has obtained for himself a widely circulated reputation in a shorter time than most other men have done. That he deserves it, would be most unjust to question; and our only point of disquisition has been to ascertain the nature and powers of his genius. This we have examined so far as relates only to his cabinet pictures,—next, we shall touch on the numerous engravings from his drawings,—and lastly, in that line where he must be acknowledged to be above all competition—as a scene painter. Engravings from his works have been numerous, but those in the *Picturesque Annual* have been the most popular, and deservedly so. There was one picture in the *Annual* for 1833, the last in the book, called “*The Return*,” representing an English vessel leaving the shores of our continental neighbours, and steering her course for home, poetically conceived, and beautifully arranged and executed. And there is one also in the *Picturesque Annual* for this year, no less beautiful than that just mentioned. It is a distant view of St. Michel, in France, with a broad and flat distance and fore-ground; it possesses much of the air and breadth of Turner, but not quite his taste and finish of execution. There is more beauty, taste, and rich harmony of colour in his water colour drawings, than can be generally found in his oil paintings; and in his various designs, both large and small, which have been engraved, it is evident that Turner has formed the groundwork on which all his effects have been composed, but not to the servile extent to which some painters of the day have carried their imitations.

Respecting the picture of the “*Ducal Palace*,” exhibited at the last Academy exhibition, the following story is told, and on which Allan Cunningham has dilated in no measured terms, in his criticisms in *Major's Cabinet Gallery*: At the exhibition it was remarked, amongst many painters, that it was somewhat strange that Turner's beautiful work, “*Venice and the Bridge of Sighs*” should be hung below what is termed the line, it having been hung rather low, under a landscape by Ward. It arose from this cause. From time immemorial the academicians have always possessed the right of choosing the best places for themselves; next come the associates. When, therefore, every academician had disposed of his paintings, and the associates had taken their places, Turner's eagle eye lighted on the before-mentioned work of Stanfield, and immediately was heard to exclaim, “Now I'll teach Stanfield to paint a picture in two days.” In two days, then, Turner produced that splendid work, which tended so much to ob-

scure the merits of Stanfield's picture. And, however ill-natured or invidious such a circumstance may be considered, as personally concerning Stanfield, it cannot be denied that the public were gainers, inasmuch as they were better enabled to judge of the respective merits of the two, by a close examination and comparison of their paintings. The juxtaposition brought out more glaringly the defects of Stanfield, and illustrated more strongly the fine powers of Turner. For, viewed from whatever distance, Turner's work displayed a brilliancy, breadth, and power, killing every other work in the exhibition; whereas, on the contrary, Stanfield's looked opaque, heavy, and devoid of all effect, even near, or at a distance. Of Stanfield's style in general, we may say his oil pictures are scenes, and his scenes, pictures.

The painting in oil and body colour, is as opposite as possible in system, as are the pigments. The works of an artist, who commences by practising largely in body colour, and then paints in oil, will always be heavy and opaque; but he who commences the Art in oil, will, on painting in body colour, still preserve the transparency of shadows, and lightness of touch, indispensable characteristics in the latter style. To paint with colour mixed in oil, and in size, is as opposite as can be. In the first, the colours dry in the same tone, strength, and brilliancy, in which they are put on the canvass: in the latter, every touch and tint dries lighter, there is consequently a deadness of tone in this style, which only looks well by artificial light, such as of gas, or the lamp.

We now come to the consideration of Stanfield as a scene painter. Loutherbouurg, in the last century, was the first man who introduced vast improvements in the machinery and scenery of Drury Lane, from which all other houses adopted their alterations. From his time, to the present, improvement has rapidly been progressing, until the pictorial part of the English stage has reached an excellence it never before attained, and through whose powers and assistance many a piece of balderdash has been preserved from thorough damnation.

From the first, the scenery of Stanfield attracted marked attention, for the picturesque beauty of their designs, richness of colour, and boldness of execution. As a scene painter, he is unrivalled in landscape and marine painting, but in architectural subjects, he must yield the palm to Roberts, who, if he does not possess the boldness of Stanfield, is yet more tasteful in his compositions, and correct in his delineation. But what, more than any thing else, has tended to spread the reputation of Stanfield, was the novel introduction of moving scenery at Drury Lane, called dioramas; representing a continuous series of beautiful scenes, generally of well-known spots. The dio-

rama of "The Needles, and launch and shipwreck of a vessel," were very beautiful. The opening scene, with the ship-yard and the vessel on the stocks, and its launch, was a graphic and spirited scene; and then the following views of Portsmouth Harbour, Spithead, and surrounding scenery of shipping, were beyond all praise,—admirable for its truth and picturesque composition. "The diorama of Windsor," terminating with views of Virginia Water, representing George IV. and his court, in regal splendour, rowed in gorgeously decorated barges, and the view especially where the barge of the King appears, and the band struck up the National Anthem, was beyond all language most thrilling and exciting.

But the diorama which produced the most imposing and lasting effect on the mind, was, "The Passes of the Alps," representing Napoleon Bonaparte, then the youthful republican general of France, directing the army of Italy, in its passage across the Simplon. The design and execution of such scenes and subjects, executed, too, in the superior manner they have always been by Stanfield, carries scene painting to the utmost verge of excellence, and makes us regret that they are doomed only to the ephemeral existence of a season.

The great defect in Stanfield's pictures, is, a deficiency of delicacy and refined poetic feeling. There is much of the bold handling of a master, but little of the feeling of a poet. His execution and treatment of a scene displays but little depth of imagination; for the detail of his objects is generally too palpable and hard. He thinks force is to be produced by strong and positive colours, and not, as we perceive in the works of Turner, by delicacy, and keeping down all detail as secondary, and preserving the effect as the chief aim to be observed. Stanfield is too ambitious of showing his great mechanical and executive powers, forgetting that the merit of a painting does not consist in the manner in which a post, a bit of stone-work, or any isolated object is executed; but in the judicious management of the whole, so that it shall possess one striking and concentrating effect. But this defect of bestowing so much labour on single objects in cabinet pictures, must be attributed to his being accustomed to scene painting, where the execution of the wings must be as strong and positive on each side, as the fore-ground of the plots, where equal labour is bestowed on every detached local object. This is the reason, that however well a scene may sometimes be painted, a want of breadth is the prevailing effect.

As a scene painter then Stanfield is great, is unrivalled in landscape and marine subjects, and in this line must he mainly rest his reputation: for even should not posterity be fortunate enough to see

a scene by him, they will be pretty well able to judge what his powers were by his cabinet paintings; which although not of the high order of which some of his contemporaries are, still are distinguished by great pains and beauty. Considering his situation at Drury Lane theatre, it is surprising that he should not have painted there more drop scenes than one, and one too that should do more honour to his reputation. The present one at Drury Lane theatre, was painted sometime about the year 1827 or 1828, and the design taken from a large oil painting by Glover of the Sibyl's Temple. Since the first painting of the scene, Stanfield has somewhat altered the middle ground and distance. It is a beautiful scene, but we think the effect of the architecture by which it is surrounded spoils it, as the latter bears no affinity with the rich and varied tones of the landscape. At the new Fitzroy, late Queen's theatre, is a most beautiful drop scene by Stanfield, representing a Greek scene; it is one of the most beautiful scenes he has ever painted. The effect is clear and brilliant, and the colouring rich and harmonious; we should like to see one of a similar nature at Drury Lane.

We mentioned in the earlier part of this article, that we should take the liberty of questioning the motives of Stanfield, in withdrawing himself from the Society of British Artists. It was through the medium of this society he is indebted for his rapid rise in public estimation, and we do sincerely think it hardly fair in him that he should spurn his parent institution, to become a member of another, merely for the sake of being an R. A. He ought to know, that when once the genius of a man is universally acknowledged, the not possessing the honors, which perhaps by merit alone he ought to possess, is no disgrace reflecting on himself, but rather attaching to that particular institution from which such honors by right ought to proceed. We therefore consider, that even had he lived and died without being an R. A. in the eyes of the world he would still have been Stanfield, the greatest scene painter of his country.

THE ARTISTS' COLLEGE.

“ ———— Mark the desponding race
Of occupation void as void of hope;
Hope the glad ray glanced from eternal good
That life enlivens and exalts its powers.”

It is in contemplation to erect a College for decayed artists; indeed, steps have already been taken to put the idea into execution. Any

thing which can minister to the necessities of meritorious members of society, especially of men who have by their labours seconded morality and enhanced civilization, must be gratefully acknowledged by all who love the beneficent Arts and pity the misfortunes of their votaries.

Without wishing to repress a humane suggestion, or to impede the execution of a benevolent intention, we feel it our duty to offer a few remarks on the subject, before advice becomes useless, and complaint futile. In all undertakings a just estimate should be formed of requisites and means; the prejudices and feelings of those concerned, and the most probable methods of satisfying those tendencies through the means proposed, are of course the basis of all future proceedings; without which considerations, the most daring conception or most benevolent purpose is defeated or neutralized. In the present design, we do not, if we be not mistaken in our view of the case, trace that application of propriety to which we have just alluded, as the essential of a successful enterprise.

Artists from the station they are accustomed to hold in society, as well as from the susceptibility, which is the secret of their power, are necessarily men of delicate feelings and refined ideas. Their fancies exercise a despotic sway over their judgments; they seek the real only as the basis of the unreal, and nourish a generous sympathy towards the timid graces of ideality, leaving the colder claims of reason to men of less subtle imaginings. With such a moral tendency, the idea in question appears uncongenial; it is to be feared, that the institution as at present proposed offers an equivocal appearance, half hospital, half alms-houses, unsuited to the sensitive minds of men, who although borne down by age, disease, and misfortune, revel in the blooming fancies of a still youthful muse.

We fancy we hear the cold reasoner impatiently exclaiming "Nonsense! mere idea; this is a matter of charity and of necessity, not one of fancy. Do the thing!" Now we would simply hint to such a reasoner that our ideas constitute our whole existence, that the difference between a favor and an insult turns on an idea, and that it were to display a lamentable want of knowledge of human nature, to expect that a long and faithful habit of idealizing could be shifted in a moment, and precisely at that moment when from the approaching gloom, we are more fondly attached to the lingering ray than when glowing in the sunshine of success. Deprive us of our cheering ideas and we sink into poor spiritless things. With bright fancies and light hearts, we can bear all but the idea of an alms-house, even though gilt with

the name of College. Independence is doubly dear to the artist: it is the main spring of his inspiration; it guides his steps to the source of the sublime and beautiful; it breathes the Castalian strain; it endows the subtle hand with Promethean skill; it imparts the Promethean heat. Let the boon be granted, but, ah, deck it with the flowers the artist was wont to love; twine around the ivy of decay, the primrose of hope, and let the blossoms of heart's ease smiling in the evening sun, enliven the last alley in the garden of life. It is sad to part from a friend with a frown or in tears.

As the old seaman beneath the cloisters of palatial Greenwich, surveys the noble element which once bore him in triumph, beneath the proud standard for which he fought and bled, so should the veteran artist proudly tread a spot consecrated by congenial deeds. If this be but an idea, it is one traced in the heart's blood. Eradicate all sense of honor, dignity, and beauty, and then you may consign the once warm creatures of generous illusions, to the chill abode which an unpoetical humanity has prepared for them. An isolated almshouse! It pains us. An asylum annexed to a national gallery or a British museum, where, from the cheerful apartments they enjoyed at the hands of a grateful nation, they might linger in the arena, yet hallowed by their greatness, would be a fitting harbour for each "victory" as it was towed into its last port.

We again repeat, that it is not a querulous disposition which has prompted this notice of a benevolent intention, but as one of the organs of British Art, we have endeavoured by a hint to remove from the character of the Artists' College, that stamp of repulsive charity which might realize the poet's conclusion, and leave the veteran artists of Great Britain.

With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue.

ROMSEY ABBEY.

(Continued from page 363.)

IN considering the various curiosities connected with this building, whether they be the monument of the dead, or the record of its historical career, I shall confine myself, with little variation to such subjects and circumstances, as had their origin prior to the period of the general dissolution of religious houses. For the antiquary cares little for the parochial history of any edifice which has once

been conventual, and the negotia inter Romsey *Infra et Extra* would possess as little to arrest his attention, as the contemplation of those clumsy-looking cherubim, which ever and anon may be seen perched on monuments remarkable only for having been erected in utter defiance to all rules of Art, and consistency of character. Of these first, there are yet extant some very interesting specimens; one of which is in the south transept, and consists of a large and elegant ogee arch, within which is the effigy of an abbess. The figure is a whole length, and composed of Devonshire marble: it was found some years ago, while digging at the western end, and as it fitted this niche, has probably resumed a place from which it had been removed; to avoid the blind and bigotted fury of the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century. Mr. Britton is of opinion that this monument is prior to the year 1200; if so, it may possibly commemorate the ill-fated Mary, daughter of King Stephen, respecting whom I shall have to speak hereafter. In the nave is another monument on the floor, much mutilated, which will be more particularly described in the account of the abbesses; and on the south side of the southern aisle of the chancel are two slabs, which, from the crosiers on them, no doubt cover the remains of some of those who once presided over this religious establishment. One of them has been engraved in Carter's Ancient Sculpture, and is remarkable for the delicacy of its proportions, and the elegant manner in which its ornaments are expressed. From its proximity to the wall, it has suffered comparatively little from the tread of the passer-by, and remains a beautiful specimen of the time of Edward II. Near this, in a little chapel at the eastern end of the south aisle, is a very curious stoup, or receptacle for holy water. The whole of the eastern portion of the church deserves the most minute attention, having, in all probability, been the "Ladye Chapelle," or sanctum of the Roman Catholic times. There can be no doubt that it anciently extended much farther, and, as before observed, was probably of a circular form. We may infer it to have been a favorite place for sepulture, from the number of stone coffins which have been from time to time found, while digging in the spot which its former walls enclosed. I remember to have seen one which was discovered here in 1825; it was hewn entirely out of granite, was much wider at the head than any other part, and had a cavity appropriated for the reception of the skull, which was remarkably perfect: from the excellent state of the teeth, and appearance of the sutures of the head, it probably contained the body of one who died long before attaining the meridian of life. On the north of the communion rails is a noble

table monument; but brasses and inscriptions—all are gone! and we gaze upon one of many instances of the futility of earthly endeavours to perpetuate a name. The pavement of this church deserves the closest attention, there being many venerable relics interspersed about; and the student will be struck, particularly at the altar, west end, and vestry, with the curious tiles, which contain many highly interesting and quaint devices. There are many monuments of later date, commemorative of the St. Barbes and other families, but none which I shall dwell upon, with the exception of a plain square stone in the south aisle of the chancel, which marks the spot where “layes” the celebrated Sir William Petty, and another, which is affixed to the west end of the church, and was, I believe, the last work of that excellent artist, Flaxman. Two angels, in recumbent positions, beautifully sculptured, support a wreath and scroll, sacred to the memory of Henry, Viscount Palmerston, and Mary, his second wife: the former of whom died 16th April, 1802, and the latter on 20th January, 1805. Immediately under the organ, the open part of the nave is separated from that appropriated to divine service by an ancient oak screen, which formerly divided the north transept from the body of the church, and was removed about ten years ago. The diligent observer may still trace, on the right hand of the south door, in this screen, the triangular opening through which the words of confession were formerly transmitted, and he will find much to reward his labours in the curious and well-carved faces which are contained in as many trefoils which are surmounted by foliage, crowning the top of this relic of antiquity. It has suffered from paint, in the same ratio as the venerable Abbey itself has from the all-bedaubing spirit of whitewash—that ever to be met with proof of the rapid march of churchwarden refinement! The last subjects to be noticed, are some old and rude paintings which were found a few years back, while making alterations immediately behind the altar. They were removed with great care by Mr. Norris of Romsey, and although they have suffered much, and indeed are partly destroyed, enough of them remains to interest the curious. One of them—a monk with a scroll issuing from his mouth, is kept in the vestry,—the other, which contains several figures, is placed near the entrance door at the west end. In the centre are nine figures in compartments, among whom may be perceived, St. Sebastian, St. Roke, two female figures, probably St. Merwenna and St. Elfreda, and a rude representation of the resurrection, having, beside Roman soldiers and other accessories, a venerable figure with a scroll and crosier, on the former of which is inscribed

Surrexit Dominus de Sepulero. They are all rudely executed, and some so extremely ugly, that it must have been no small test of faith in our ancestors to have imagined any thing divine in objects so exceedingly lugubrious. As we have now discussed the leading attractive features connected with our subject, and established, as far as reasonable conjecture will allow the exact period of this religious foundation. I will consider as next in order those persons to whom the charge of the nunnery was successively committed. King Edgar, as previously observed, gave the Abbey of Romsey to the care of

Remont
of Bury

MERWENNA,

Whom Capgrave describes to have been "*devota Dei famula, sanctitatis conversatione mansueta et in preceptis divinis studiosa.*" In the *legende of Englonde*, published 1516, the virgin Abbess Merwenne is stated to have been born in Ireland, and educated by St. Patrick. She forsook the world, and caused her brother to follow her example. Little is known of this lady, excepting some ridiculous miracles which were attributed to her; for if we may believe the monkish historian, so great was her solicitude for the well-being of this convent, that some trifling irregularities among the sisterhood were sufficient to disturb that repose which is generally considered deep and permanent as mortality can make it. "After her deth, she apperyd to one of the nonnes for to complayne, and tolde her that she herde some of the susters speyke in tyme of seylence, and that her bodye yet beyng amonge them unburyed, she mervayled that they forgot her doctryne and regular observannce, and had them not to break the least observannce; lest, by lytel and lytel, they fell into greatter default, saying unto the suster that she apperyd unto, that she should make her redy for—after eyghte days she should come unto her, and so it was."—Although Capgrave mentions Merwenna as Abbess of Romsey, he has not given her life under that name; there is a long tedious legend respecting St. Modwenna,* who is there stated to have been well known for her piety by King Edgar, and whom I conceive to be the same person, and more particularly so, as Leland states that St. Mudwenna was interred there.† After the death of St. Merwenna, the charge of the nunnery was entrusted to

* This Abbess appears to have been a subscribing witness to the charter given by King Edgar in 967, to the Abbey of Croyland in Lincolnshire.—Ingulphus.

† *Sancta Mudwenna sepulta Rumesie.* Collect. vol. i. p. 68; and again, vol. iii. p. 82, *Sancta Merwenna Abbatissa in loco, qui dicitur Rumesige, prope amnem Terstan aut Testa sepulta.*

ELWINA, during the ministry of this abbess, the monastery was plundered by Sweyn, in 992; but the nuns, the holy relics, and every thing of value, had been previously removed to Winchester: of course, warning of this event could only be given by miraculous agency, and we are told that the abbess* "Ante altare, in oratione procumbens, audire vocem meruit cœlitus illapsum, de Danorum adventu ad Monasterium Rumesiæ in futura vespera. Quæ, assumptis religiis cæterisque rebus, una cum sororibus usque ad Wintoniam profugit. Veniens Rex itaque Danorum Swanus, ille sævissimus, cum filio suo Canuto, ad partes illas cæde et incendio cuncta vastavit." Elwina having ruled over the nunnery during the space of three years, died; and was succeeded by

ELFLEDA, daughter of Ethelwold, a nobleman, and friend of King Edgar. As this abbess is expressly mentioned by Capgrave as educated in, and constantly resident at Romsey, the curious may be gratified with the translation of her life, by him, taken from that rare work the *Legende of Englonde*, imprinted by the renowned Wynkyn de Worde.

Seynt Elfed was born in Englonde, and when her moder was with chylde w her, she sawe i her slepe a thyng, lyke a shynynge beame of lyghte nynge descend uppon her hedde, and it tarryd there a long tyme. And when she was borne, the more she grew in age, the more she wantyd the ambycyouanes of all fleshelye plesures. And after her faders deth, her moder by her faders wyll, gave his mansyon that he dwellyd in, callyd Clare to the Monasterye of Romsey; and after her moder toke anoder husbonde, and then, as is ofte seene in such case, Enflod lakkyd oftymes that that she nedyd. Wherefore Kyng Edgare, remembryng the good servyce of her fader, put her to the Monasterye of Romseye, under the Abbesse Merwenne; and she lovyd her as her own daughter, and broughte her uppe in all vertue. And on a tyme her candell fell oute and the fyngers of her ryghte honde gave lyghte to all that were rounde aboute her. And when she was therefore the more honouryd of her systers, she studyd to be therefore the more meke and obedient. And after that she was made abbesse no man can tell the almes that she gave, nor the prayers and wepyngs that she used, as well for herselfe as for the people. And on a tyme when she was wyth the Quene, she went in the nyghtys into the water and was there in prayer. And on a nyghte the Quene seyng her goo furthe suspectyd it had been for incon-

* Capgrave.

tynence and followyd; and whē she saw her goo into; water sodely, she was astoniyd, and wente in a manner oute of her mynde and turnyd in agayne cryenge, and colde take no reste tyll Seynt Elfed prayed her, seyinge, "Lorde forgyve her this offence, for she wiste not what she dyd" and so she was made hoole. And when she was reprovyd as a waster of; goodys of the monasterye, certeyn money that she given in almys, by her prayer was put into the baggys agayne. And when she had lyvyd many yerys in good lyfe, she went to our Lorde the fourth kalendas of November, aboute; yere of our Lorde, ixt and lix.—Notwithstanding the exalted character given of this pious and holy virgin, we cannot but reflect on the nature of the charges brought against her; to be accused of theft by one who was subordinate, infers no small want of that respect, which seniority of rank generally exacts, and which a life so holy should necessarily have commanded. The reputation of Saint Elfedæ, therefore, is little exalted by the strenuous exertions of her zealous biographer: but peace to her manes, she has passed on her way, and her church and its tenets have left us, we hope, for ever. Truth, sacred; pure and unsophisticated, shines brightly upon us; and thanks be given to that Being, to whom they are ever due, that he has permitted us to worship him in the glorious beauty of his holiness; and that, unbound by the fetters of superstition, we seek not his presence through the imaginary agency of those whose faults and follies have been disguised by the cunning of monks, or madly accounted for in falsifying legends.

It is to be observed, however, that William of Malmsbury, who wrote in 1140, appears to have been ignorant of any circumstances connected with the actions either of St. Merwenna or St. Elfedæ; he simply states, that they were buried at Romsey, and reserves to some other opportunity the task of writing their memoirs; should it ever be in his power so to do, his words are—"Apud Rumesiam, quod cœnobium præcellentissimus Rex Edgarus instituit, novi jacere duarum virginum corpora, Merwennæ at Elfredæ; quarum gesta, quod nescio, non tam prætereo, quam ad majorem scribendi diligentiam reservo, si forte cognovero." Pol. 40, b. n. 20.* The next abbess on record is

HADWIS,

who appears to have been appointed in 1130; little is known of her, with the exception of a Corrody, still extant in the Augmentation Office; and that the seal, used by this abbess, was oval in shape,

* According to Leland, she was buried at Romsey: Sancta Ethelfleda, in Rumesige, prope amnem Trestan aut Terstan, Collect. Vol. 2—409.

having the impression only on one side: in the area was the representation of a nun, holding in her right hand a staff, and in her left a book clasped to her breast. Around the seal was the inscription, "Sigil: St. Marie Romes:" She appears to have presided over the monastery about 25 years; as we find

MATILDA

mentioned, A. D. 1155; this abbess may, perhaps, be identified with "Batildis Regina," spoken of by Leland, and stated to have been buried at Romsey, together with the Saints Mudwenna and Ethelfleda, or Elfreda.* Her presidency must have been of short duration; for in 1161 she had been succeeded by the ill-starred and unfortunate

MARY;

this lady, whose sad tale has been recounted by all who have made mention of the church, was the daughter of King Stephen. If the definitive treaty between that monarch and his successor Henry II. be considered, which excluded for ever the children of the former from succeeding to the throne, it may not be unreasonable to infer, that she was an unwilling sacrifice at the altar, and that the veil was forced upon her, in order to insure the impossibility of political discussion, respecting any offspring to which otherwise she might have given birth. Certain it is, that she was first a nun, and afterwards became Abbess of Romsey. About 1160, Matthew of Flanders, second son of Theodoric of Alsatia, Earl of Flanders, fell in love with, and, having caused her secret removal from the abbey, married her. The fruits of this union were two daughters. For ten years, we are told, they lived together; but it is not to be imagined, that the stern fiat of the Romish church would have permitted so long a space to have elapsed, before its censure would have separated the wife from the bosom of her husband, the dove from the mate with whom she should have lived and been at rest, had not the quarrel between Henry II., and that inexorable and uncompromising prelate, Thomas à Becket, caused a suspension in the investigation of those minor conditions of the church, which were for a time swallowed up in the dissensions which then agitated all England. But at length, in 1170, the mutual interests of the king and Becket rendering such a step necessary, a reconciliation took place between them.

History gives too many instances of the saint-like qualities of Becket for expatiations which would here be irrelevant; suffice it to say, that he who could join with the Pope and throw his benefactor's kingdom into confusion, for the sake of sheltering a villain and a mur-

* "Sancta Mudwenna, Batildis Regina et Sancta Ethelfleda sepulta Romesie" Collec. Vol. 1.—66.

derer, who could excommunicate one man for speaking ill of him, whilst another underwent the same horrible anathema for having cut off the tail of one of his horses, could not endure the continuance of this breach in monastic discipline, and the wife and mother was in consequence torn from the embraces of those whom they best loved, to waste away the remainder of life in the dull seclusion of monastic walls, a prey to grief, to sorrow, and despair.

Matthew Paris is very explicit on this subject,* he says, "sub anno 1160, Eodem anno Maria, Abbatissa de Rumesia, filia Regis Stephani nupsit Mattheo comiti Bononie, ex quo sustulit duas filias, propterea quod peccatum, Thomas Regis Cancellarius qui contrarius fuit huic contractui illicito, ad instar Beati Johannis Baptisti multas passus est comitis insidias." Leland also mentions the circumstance, though differing in date† "A. D. 1161, Maria Abbatissa de Rumesey, filia regis Stephani, Mattheo Comiti Bononie nupsit, quibus nuptiis Thomas Becket Cancellarius Anglie obstitit," but enough has been adduced to prove the interference of Becket, and it is not impossible that the reader, so far from attributing to the chancellor any of the holy qualities of St. John, may feel surprised that the name of the son of the earl of Flanders has not been handed down to posterity, in conjunction with those of de Tracy, Brito, de Morville and Fitzurse.‡

Sandford in his genealogy¶ states that Ida and Maud, the two daughters of this lady, were legitimated by parliament in 1189, "the former married Reginald de Frie earl of Dammartin, who had with her as a dower, the earldom of Boulogne, derived from the mother, to whom it had fallen on the demise of her brother William, earl of Boulogne and Mortaigne, the latter was wife to Henry I. duke of Brabant.—The next abbess was

JULIANA,

she died in February 1199, and on the 3rd of the Nones of June following

MATILDA,

sister of Walter Walerand had the charge of the monastery: between the death and resignation of this lady, and the accession of her successor, a vacancy must have occurred of perhaps two years duration, as we find on record that "45 Hen. iii. reg. commisit Willielmo de Armath Abbatiam de Romse, vacante custode, quamdiu Regi placuit."

(To be continued.)

* Edit. 1684, p. 81

† Vol. i.—419.

‡ Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville and Richard Brito, killed Becket at the high altar in Canterbury cathedral, A. D. 1171. Matthew Paris, p. 86.

¶ Edit. 1767, p. 47.

A WORD ABOUT CANOVA AND GIBSON.

It is not perhaps generally known, that Canova was the first to bring forward one of the chief ornaments of the British School of sculpture—Gibson the newly elected associate. The character of the Italian sculptor, stands deservedly high as an artist and as a man: he was, indeed, one of earth's lofty spirits, yet while his mind soared with vigorous flight, it seemed at the same time steeped in the balm of gentleness. His influence during existence operated like a sympathetic spell, arousing emulation and shaming passive egotism into active benevolence; he cast behind him as he left the scene of his christian labours a mantle of radiant hue, to be borne by "the most worthy" of his successors.

Such was Canova, and worthy of his mantle is the object of his disinterested *patronage*. We have known Gibson intimately, and feel it a duty to ourselves, to him, and to the public, to bear this humble testimony to his merits. He is as single-minded and as fine-hearted a scion of genius as ever added lustre to the Arts of any country. His devotion to his profession is intense, yet although abstracted from the flimsy enjoyments which congregate the worldly moths in flippant communion, he recognizes the tie which binds him to civilization and heralds the progress of his genius by the accents of unwearied perseverance and dignified simplicity of demeanour.

When the duke of Devonshire was in Rome he visited Canova with the intention of giving that celebrated man a commission for a statue. The noble Italian expressed his surprise, that an English nobleman should bestow his patronage on a foreigner, when a countryman possessed such commanding abilities as Gibson and demanded his first care. The duke pleaded ignorance of the talents of his compatriot. Then my lord, replied Canova, you will do yourself and your country immortal honour by giving the commission to young Gibson, or by purchasing, at his own price, the beautiful work he is at present engaged upon. The sculptor accompanied the peer to Gibson's studio, and the patriotic commission was proffered to the satisfaction of the trio, and the offspring of English talent and Italian generosity was transplanted to the princely Chatsworth.

How different the conduct of the friends of Byron. They, forsooth, unwilling that one British muse should celebrate the triumph of another, have commissioned the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, to execute a monument to the memory of the illustrious bard for Newstead, and that too while Gibson's fame rings in the world's ears. But

Thorwaldsen is not Canova, and Byron's friends are scarcely—— but we forget, Cosmopolitism is a virtue.

We have no hesitation in saying, that, owing to the labours of Gibson, English sculpture has acquired a reputation on the continent, to which it had never before attained. The beauty of execution, and the exquisite surface so conspicuous in Canova's works, are to be traced in the delightful productions of Gibson, which, in emulating the pure spirit of Grecian Art, bear an impress of individual feeling and national character, without which the successive efforts of ages become ungenial transmissions of abject imitation, and demand no other rank than that of hereditary monographs.

MODELLING AND CASTING.

PERHAPS there is no subject which deserves enquiry and explanation more than that of *modelling from the life*; for it is little known out of the studio of the sculptor. In the course of my professional career I have mixed with some of the best informed persons in other matters, who have been destitute of that knowledge, and conceived the marble bust to be the only *true original*, sculptured from the life. I submit, therefore, for notice a brief outline of the Art. Although the word *model*, in its literal meaning, is a diminished representation of something made or done, it is nevertheless the term given by professional men to figures of the size, or even larger than the life.

I am not aware that there exists a difference in the present Art of modelling from the most ancient, which is simple in the extreme, and is much easier than drawing with the pencil; as, by the aid of the rule and compass to the former, an exact proportion may be given of things, which are of no assistance to the latter, where all must depend on the eye. Clay is the chief ingredient for modelling, and it has been conjectured to have been the only article used by the ancients; but, within the last fifty years, several ingredients have been applied to it with good effect, and it is now all that can be wished. The composition is subservient to the touch, and without spring, which enables the artist to accomplish his task at will and pleasure.

I have often been in the studio of the late Mr. Nolleken, when that genius was in the glory of his profession, with all the earnestness of a Pygmalion, looking up to his lovely bust of Lady Charlemont, into the face of which he would squirt water to make it supple to his

touch. Recent however, as that practice is, it is almost abolished by the infusion of muriate of chalk with the clay, and a due portion of water to effect a dissolution of the salt employed; without which, I apprehend, it is a question whether sculptors would have achieved so rapid a reputation in this country; for, some make a play-thing of the Art, by their freedom of handling, variety, and close imitation to what is best and valuable. In pursuit of knowledge on this subject, I paid a visit to the studio of Mr. Behnes, and was well rewarded for my trouble, in the inspection of machinery for the model and for sculpture, which I may enter upon more in detail hereafter. Professional gentlemen are indebted to this artist for many advantages he has afforded them over the old machine. The most simple of the two machines is the stand, on which the clay bust is formed. It is of metal, and about 2 feet 3 inches high. The upper part has two joints, indicative of the neck-bone, which may be turned in all its graceful positions. The old plan of supporting the clay was a straight stick.

A modeller requires an equal number of sittings, as the painter of portraits, and his observations on expression and proportion the same. His implements are a few sticks, variously shaped; with these he may either add, or take clay from his model; but the thumb and finger, in most cases, are made to do equal duty. It is almost useless to remark, that, to become a good modeller, a refined mind is required, as well as taste, with a thorough knowledge of the antique. The Art, (with a few exceptions) in this country, was in a wretched state, until the period of Roubiliac, since which it has rapidly improved. Nollekens declared Chantrey's finish superior to his own, and all contemporaries. He has, indeed, opened a new treatment in the Art, ever to be admired and imitated; for what can his works be compared to but nature? But to single out Mr. Chantrey as the only master of his Art would be unjust to others of long established fame; whose method of treating their models bears strong resemblance to his, or the following lines, by the talented Northcote, must be gross flattery—

“Behnes and Death for ever are at strife;

Death turns the life to clay; *As* clay to life.”

Considering the model perfect, it undergoes a thick covering of plaister of Paris, which is thrown into all the receding parts, by the fingers, leaving the hind part, from the shoulders downward clear, for extricating the clay, which takes place as soon as the plaister is settled. The clay at this time is of no other use than to form a new model. Its plaister form is washed internally, to remove all par-

ticles, should any remain; when it is either oiled or soaped with a small brush, to prevent the fresh plaister, which fills up the place of the discharged clay, from adhering to it. This performance requires the aid of two or three men, who make it their business, for experience is necessary for it to be done well; and more particularly the first filling of the plaister, which must enter without bubbles, and be shaken or turned when in, for its general distribution to form. The next Art is with the mallet and chisel, to cut away in small pieces the outward covering, which is a very nice point, as it requires some knowledge of sculpture, to act without damage to the bust, which now takes the name of *original model*, and from which the marble bust is sculptured.

As the *clay model* is sometimes preserved, it cannot have undergone the process described above; in this case it must be firmly put together, and kept in a warm room until completely dry, when it may be baked or burnt in a kiln, when it becomes as hard as earthen-ware, and is termed *terracotta*. The first bust (of L. Sterne) which raised Nollekens to eminence was of this kind; and he informed me, that the head is one inch in length less than the life, caused by its shrinking.

A. WIVELL.

A SKETCH.

Crayon ad vivum fecit.

It was a scene that I can never forget; one of those rare combinations—those felicitous compositions, which, produced by chance, and linked together by an equally fortuitous concatenation, strike the painter's eye, and realize to his rivetted vision the sum total of artistical precept. The sons of painting and poetry will alike own to the many hours of anxiety, the many cogitations of perplexity, occasioned by the grouping, the colouring, the chiaro-oscuro of their primary conceptions; for it seldom happens that a production startles into life from the brain of genius, as Minerva from the head of Jupiter, arrayed in panoply complete, and requiring no further aid in her adornment. Here, however, the disposition and finishing strokes of the picture were by the hand of Nature herself; and there needed but the pencil of Wilkie, with its transmutatory touch, which, like the contact of Midas, converts into gold even the commonest materials, to fix it in a permanent form on the conservative canvass.

In company with my friend S——, I was returning from an excursion among the cloud-capt hills and verdant vallies of D——, and in silent admiration we rested awhile to gaze on the noble scene before us. Far off, in the eastern vale, lay outstretched in majestic gloom the ancient city, wrapt in the grey mantle of night, and discernable chiefly by its venerable cathedral tipt with the mellow rays of an autumnal moon, which, breaking through a shadowy mist, had just emerged from the distant ocean that gleamed on the horizon like molten silver. Scattered at intervals through the low grounds, were the dwellings of the humble labourer or more important farmer, whence wreathes of white smoke curled upwards among the trees—while, from time to time, was borne on the evening breeze, the murmur of a mountain stream, as it dashed from stone to stone, till its hoarse voice was lost in the distance. In the west lay the dark and frowning moor, with its rugged tors and visionary outline steeped in the heavy clouds, which seemed to portend a coming storm. By fits, through the obscurity of this portion of the horizon, flashed momentarily a lurid light, which, as it glared like a meteor, and then died away to stream again with redoubled brilliancy, the practised eye of S—— speedily discovered to be the periodical burning of the gorse on the moor. The embattled tower of the old church of W——, whither our course was then directed, rose dark and solemn from the shadowy woods, and told in strong relief against the eastern sky. As we paused to survey with the feelings of artists the landscape around us, we were struck by the sound of military music, and startled from our respective reveries by the deep tones of the drum reverberating through the valley, and the clear sounds of the fife and clarionet piercing the still air and winding round the hill. Our visions of peace departed “like a scroll,” and we pressed onwards with accelerated speed, to ascertain the cause of sounds so unusual in a tranquil village. Scarcely restrained from “timing our footsteps to a march,” we entered and traversed the hamlet of W——. It was apparently deserted, and the solitude of Auburn reigned throughout. A stray pig and a lame donkey were the only signs of animation. “Well,” cried my companion, “the *Pixies* have surely bewitched or kidnapped collectively the good people of W——. Where can they be?” And echo answered, “Where?” Hopeless of finding a guide, we entered the churchyard, and were debating whether we should follow the indices of our auricular organs, or proceed to the town, when a being, not “purring at our heels,” but marching with the comprehensive strides of Jack the Giant-killer, approached us. We forthwith hailed him and de-

manded his route. "Whoy zur," said Hodge, scratching his head, "I be cruel fond of mossie loike, and be comed up vor to hear the be-amil praetize a bit." This was enough; we walked amicably with our new acquaintance along a lane, shadowy with tall trees, and partially lighted by the moon—till opening the gate of a plantation, he motioned us to follow. Now, as we have a quantum suff. of diffidence and modesty, we hesitated to intrude into private grounds, but Hodge assuring us that "the parson was a very good gentleman, and cruel kind to strangers, and wouldnt take no such thing amiss," we proceeded, skirted an old barn half hidden among the trees, and following the sweep of a carriage road, found ourselves suddenly in view of what at first appeared an optical illusion. To the right was the parsonage, a low, modest edifice, rough cast and stone coloured, with a porch supported by columns of Grecian Doric, and having roses of luxuriant growth trained against the walls. From the house, a lawn skirted by evergreen shrubs interspersed with the beech, the fir, and the larch, sloped away to the left, and gave to view among the opening vistas the smoke of cottage chimnies, the picturesque Belviders of H—, among its dark woods, and to the west the gloomy moor. From branch to branch of the lofty trees which waxed over the further gable of the house, was suspended in massive folds what to our un-initiated eyes seemed the main-sail of a man of war—but which our guide whispered was technically termed a "Whimb sheet"—i. e., a sacking used in the process of winnowing corn. Beneath this tent-like drapery was the band whose martial strains had broken the thread of our meditations—composed, not of plumed chiefs, nor scarlet-vested soldiers, but of rustics of every age and in every possible attitude—the whole forming a group fully equal to any "tableau vivant" of ambitious imitators. The candles removed from their guardian lanterns flaring and flickering in the night breeze—the dark and umbrageous foliage which formed as it were the frame of the picture,—the super-impendent drapery,—the subdued tone of the rustic habiliments, relieved here and there by a bright touch on a gay handkerchief, or the sparkle from a brazen-keyed instrument,—the ancient table and fluttering music books,—the concentration of the light—the focus formed by the silver lace on the collar of the "first violin, the Parson's own man," whence the rays glanced obliquely to the spectacles of the parish clerk—the scarlet waistcoat of the blacksmith—and the brilliant paraphernalia of the drum,—the effect of a dark group that suddenly emerged from the porch, and served to contrast and preserve in keeping the striking scene before us,—the

charms of the hour and the locality, and surprise at the unusual exhibition, fixed us to the spot, whence, ourselves unsuspected, we watched with interest the ecstatic countenances of the "musicianers" and the utter absorption of the village audience in the back-ground, who, with eyes dilated, and mouths open, appeared emulously to aim at the corporeal deivation of the unfortunate Euterpe.—The conclusive chords of "God save the King" played "con amore," and the heavy dews of a September evening warned us to withdraw; and we departed, as we had approached, unperceived, to ponder with the pleasure of travellers and the vivid memory of artists, the rehearsal of the band among the plantations of W—.

HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF PAINTING.*

THE Field of Art is a very wide and extensive one, and he who ventures on it may well pause and steady his course ere he go too far. The History of Art, may in like manner be said to extend far back over a very long and distant lapse of past Time. Its birth is enveloped in mystery, and we may refer to the past records of darker years to discover how man was first led to depict the living form, or the idea and imagery of his own imagination upon a plain surface of canvass, or what land or country this man and his art could claim as their birth-place.

The earliest dawn of Art was as misty and clouded as the first of morning, but in this age it has left its primeval darkness, and ascended up into the regions of a higher and more transcendent beauty, and it now shews glimpses of a richer and more glorious noon, to shine like the sun undimmed in its lustre through ages.

Many of the fictions and records of earlier antiquity, relative to its origin, are indeed so many legends of rich poetic beauty, and we may instance the tale related by Pliny, of the Corinthian maid tracing the outline of the shadow of her sleeping lover, as one of this series of poetical imaginations. But we must not allow the shadow and similitude to carry us away from the palpable presence of the Art we are speaking of, the earliest rise and progress of which may have resulted from the wish and idea of imparting, by the means and requisites it afforded, knowledge and information amongst those who sought for it with the most earnest and enthusiastic degree of success, and if we

* Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting. By Thomas Phillips.

cast our eyes over the history of remote nations, we shall find none to whom these remarks can be applied with greater truth than to the Egyptians. The first uses to which it was applied by them and by the Greeks, were to the invention and formation of arbitrary signs as letters, and from this first step it moved on to the imitation of the diversified objects of external nature around. But the question here will naturally arise, how has the culture of the Fine Arts risen as it were intuitively among nations, who differ instinctively from each other in all other respects? In answer to this question Mr. Phillips very properly remarks, that "it is most likely, and most conformable to all that we know of the product of the arts, from the remnants of ancient Egyptian, Hindoo, Greek and Mexican culture of them, that the same natural causes operated on all; acting among each nation upon the principles within, and the materials around them; though guided by different feelings, according to the degree of civilization they had attained; and, as those feelings and materials acted upon men trained under different circumstances, they would be employed in different manners, though directed to the supply of the same wants, or the fulfillment of the same purposes." In the earlier ages of art in Egypt, its progress was supported and cherished by the priests, who rendered it subservient to the purpose of painting hieroglyphics, and the ceremonies of religious mysteries, the paintings on their funeral vases have been conjectured by Mr. Christie, to be copies or imitations of the mystical scenes employed in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, nor do the records of the earlier ages of that country, lead us to believe that the art of painting was ever carried far beyond this point.

If however we proceed to examine the earlier records of Greece, we shall find that there, Art became more original and ennobling in its nature, not only from its being employed in the commemoration of the deeds of their mighty heroes or their triumphs and battles of "a thousand slain," but as well from that innate and intuitive perception of pictorial taste and beauty, which was so inherent in the spirits of all the sons of that land. "The earliest descriptive notice we have of it is given by Pausanias, when he speaks of the pictures painted by Panceus, the brother of Phidias the sculptor, in the *Pœcile* at Athens, and of those painted soon after by Polygnotus, both there and in the public hall at Delphi. From these pictures we obtain the first fixed and satisfactory ideas of the real character of early Greek painting; and they appear to have been little more than tables of figures, above, below, and around each other; each desig-

nated by its name, but in no combination as a whole. Once engaged however in the study of the Art, that extraordinary people, the Greeks, soon applied to it the grand principles upon which their sculpture had been wrought through preceeding ages."

It would be gratifying to all, could we develop the exact system of study pursued by the Greeks in prosecuting their studies in the Art of painting. We know that they possessed the faculty of imitation, and that their composition of a figure or a group, wore points of exceeding delicacy and beauty, nor can we but believe that in the management of colouring, light and shade, they shewed an equal perfection. We are however ignorant whether they understood linear and aerial perspective, or the *chiaro-oscuro*, as practised by the subsequent schools of Art. The best information indeed afforded on this subject, would lead us to the conclusion, that their best pictures were similar in principle, though superior in composition and execution to those found in the ruins of Rome, *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii* and *Stabia*, and now to be seen at Rome and *Portici*. But the cultivation of the Fine Arts degenerated when Greece succumbed to the resistless energy and power of the Roman legions, and so fully occupied was that proud nation with the splendid success of its victories, that the cultivation of the Fine Arts was by them deemed discreditable; but in the adornment and display of their cities, the pure artistical mind of Greece rose proudly triumphant. We may date, that from this period, to the time when the revelation of Christianity again woke up the Arts as by the sound of a trumpet, painting was totally disregarded as an Art, or employed only in the adornment of missals. But the revival of the Fine Arts was not sudden, it was progressive and sure. The period was one rich in learning and science. *Cimabue* and his pupil *Giotto*, were the first whose career in the Arts awoke any extraordinary expectations, the paintings of *Giotto* more particularly so, indeed they may be almost said to form an epoch in the history of painting. In his pictures it may be noticed that in painting them, he may have been said to labour more especially to the display of those parts of a picture, which were the most worthy of it; these were selected with a fine clearness and intelligence of perception, and brought forward with simplicity and ability. These qualities are manifested in his series of Pictures of the Life of *St. Francis* in the great church of *Assisi*, and they are shewn in a more perfect state still on the walls of the Chapel of the *Annunciata*, in the Amphitheatre at *Padua*. In the anatomy of the human figure, his paintings shew abundant imperfections, but of draperies he was a perfect master. Towards the

end of the fourteenth or the middle of the fifteenth century, arose many artists who trod in the steps of Giotto, and in many points of painting perhaps more than rivalled him, but the real follower of Giotto was Massaccio. In his paintings he led and confined the eye to the principle point in the picture, his proportions were just, the action of his figures proper but not energetic, his colouring and execution good but simple.

Though at this period Art had advanced very far in progress, it had not yet reached the goal to which it aspired. Drawing had gradually improved, the general forms of the figure and of draperies were simple but true, and but little fancy was indulged in.

The third epoch of the Florentine school at which we have now arrived, commenced with the great and glorious names of Signorelli, Da Vinci, Bartolomeo della Porta, Michel Angelo, and Raffaele. Up to this period in the history of Art, it may be remarked, that no government had taken up its cause and given to it a special protection and support. The papal heads of the church had given it some aid and assistance, but it was mostly in the productions of mosaics. But about the middle of the fifteenth century, the De Medici family, who then exercised the power of sovereignty in Florence adopted the Arts as objects worthy of their especial protection and encouragement, and to their high example and influence, painting is indebted for the most brilliant efforts of the Florentine school. From this period, the progress of Art may be imagined as a triumph, and truly did her followers rejoice in it. The anatomical expression, form, and conception of the human frame, was studied in the mass as embodying all those beautiful and ideal conceptions of form and character, which were so purely and justly idolized by the Greeks. The curb and rein were cast off from imagination, and the artist revelled and indulged in the display of the beauty and mystery of the spiritual world; this is shewn in the works of Luca Signorelli da Cortona, who painted some splendid subjects in illustration of the Resurrection, the punishment of the wicked, and the reward of the just; in these was exhibited a sum of anatomical knowledge in tracing fore short-cuts, and vigour of lineal delineation, such as had never been shewn before. As in some degree contemporary with Signorelli, we may next notice Leonardo da Vinci, one of the most accomplished artists of that day. Mr. Phillips sketches his character briefly but powerfully—original in thought, fertile in expedient, active in mind and body, there appears to have been no bound set to his pursuits. Each of the Arts which adorn human life, and the sciences which give

power to man, engaged his attention; and it is the necessary consequence of his refinement of thought, and superabundance of pursuits, that but little of his painting remains to testify his ability." He was the first who added to the general features of painting that noble one denominated "*chiaro-oscuro*," and which was afterwards further improved upon by Fra Bartolomeo and others. To Leonardo da Vinci are we indebted for the first scientific tables of anatomy, and for the first intelligent essay we have on the principles and practice of the Art of Painting. Fra Bartolomeo followed up and employed his pencil ably in the delineation of the *chiaro-oscuro*, which Leonardo had first used in his paintings, and he surpassed him in the grand and bold outline of his forms and figures though he reached not to that high character and expression in them, for which Leonardo's paintings were so famed. His colours were deep and varied, his tones were true to nature, and united to good form. His works were numerous, never weak, and often grand and imposing. To this artist succeeded M. Angelo Buonarroti whom Mr. Fuseli has well termed "*the salt of Art*" since he imparted to it that essence of intellectual existence which no other painter ever equalled. There are perhaps few artists whose paintings have descended or will continue to descend with more lasting renown to posterity than those of M. Angelo. His studies of Art were widely and broadly separated from the beaten track of those who had preceded him. None could view them without being impressed with the feeling of power, and the force of sentiment which are evident in his works; of the moral grandeur and sublimity of their conception, and the dignity of his style. His studio was in the realms of imagination; in his paintings he gave increased grandeur to the human form, life and energy to motion, intensity to thought, and strength to character, and personified the abstract sentiment of beauty and feeling without the aid of allegory. Such are the feelings which Mr. Phillips experienced when contemplating those sublime paintings by the artist on the ceiling of the Cappella Sistina in the Vatican, which display an unrivalled power of thought united to a comfortable spirit of simplicity and grandeur—he thus describes them. "In the whole region of the Art in which it has been my lot to range, I have met with no picture so full, so just, so spiritual, yet so simple as this; so grand and solemn in its effect; yet without the aid of that customary resort of those who make the grand and imposing their own darkness. There is poetic feeling of the highest class, allegory of the most refined nature, the application of the Art exalted to the noblest purpose." In some of his pictures he was frequently misdirected when

attempting to portray a history,—he sought the imagery of the subject in his own mind, and this led him frequently to deform the actions of his figures with artificial contrasts—but blemishes such as these were but as spots in the sun, they were surrounded with a glory and splendor of their own, which perfectly eclipsed them.

We are now arrived at that period of our history, when the fine and beautiful compositions of Raffaele first broke in upon Art, and became, as it were, the artistical talisman of that age. He was destined to perfect that which others had only begun. The studies of Perugino and Fra Bartolomeo assisted and improved him, and he was stimulated by the renown of M. Angelo and da Vinci. He constantly studied from the best models of the antique, and from the superior works of his predecessors, thus prompting his imagination and strengthening his power of execution; his taste for grace and beauty, his capacity for composition and his power over expression, prepared him for the design and production of those great works which extend his reputation and will ever add lustre to his name. His outlines and colourings he borrowed from others, but, in the extension of the grouping and picturesque of historical composition, he was strikingly original. He possessed the power of displaying in his pictures the virtues that adorn or the vices that degrade human nature—the grace and tenderness of the female character, or the more active vigour and energy of man. This is seen in his earlier compositions, and from these up to the period when he painted the magnificent cartoons; in depicting these excellencies he may be said to have been unrivalled. His paintings appealed by their sentiment to the feelings and affections of the heart, and awoke the best sympathies of our nature, therefore has it been that his pictures have always obtained the largest class of admirers.

(To be continued.)

ON THE GENIUS OF STOTHARD, AND THE CHARACTER OF HIS WORKS.

FROM a life lengthened to what may be called patriarchal, constantly and diligently employed, a genius and versatility of talent embracing every kind of subject connected with the Fine Arts, to an extent in number and variety beyond any other of the profession; it must be difficult to select and arrange works so multifarious, and bring into view the nature and character of their merits, together with the powers requisite to their production.

Mr. Stothard is at once an example of genius without eccentricity, of industry without parallel; and of devotedness to his profession which appeared to absorb every consideration, whether it regarded the health of his body or the tone of his mind. Such recreations as he allowed himself to take were always with reference to his studies and his Art; his walks became a source of inventive results, and every object which attracted his regard, whether the design on the top of a ballad, or examples of animated nature, was to him a model, that would live in his remembrance till the occasion occurred when it would be required.

The late Mr. Cromek, of whom there will be occasion to speak in the course of these remarks, and who was sometimes the companion of his perambulations, has seen him stop at Brooke's Repository for aquatic birds, the corner of Mary street in the New Road, and so intense on these occasions were the feelings of the artist while contemplating the form, plumage, or other properties belonging to their character, that the tears have trickled down his cheeks, though unconscious to himself that they were observed by his companion. Can it then be matter of wonder that, with feelings so acute, the powers of memory should keep pace with them, and that the artist's model was ever vividly in his mind. Perhaps there is no part of an artist's practice that requires more of his attention than the proper use of the model; all the purposes of invention and design may be effected without having recourse either to the lay figure or the living model; character and expression may also be given, drapery may be cast, and all but the texture seen in the sketch or even the finished design; but then it requires powers that do not fall to the lot of many, even after the labour of years; and as it is principally to the designs of Mr. Stothard that attention is called, it would hardly be right to institute a comparison between this gifted artist and others, whose faculties, as far as memory, in viewing and retaining objects through the medium of sight, have been less perfect and less exercised. With reference to the proper use of the model, and the gift of a powerful memory, the works of Hogarth are perhaps the most striking and perfect examples; but here it is principally in expression that this power is most especially displayed, as all must be aware that in the *Rake's Progress*, neither the desperate rage of the ruined gambler, nor the maniac's frenzied look, could have been obtained but from a momentary glance; Hogarth no doubt visited Bedlam again and again for the latter, but must have tasked his own powers to the utmost, or been indebted to some skilful and energetic actor, whether on or off the stage, for the terrible and appalling ex-

pression of the former. This pictorial memory, as it may be called, has, like others of our faculties, its degrees of power, but every artist must have a portion, if it only serves for the instant in which the eye is removed from the model, while the hand traces the line which sight has supplied, as in the expression of sudden passion, or the transient effects which spring from the elements operated upon in storms, tempests, or other phenomena of nature. These we see transferred by the painter to his canvass, whether the subject be within or without doors; neither the lightning nor the wave will stay his bidding, but memory will have them in her keeping and render up the charge with a fidelity proportioned to the powers and skill of the artist.

The late George Morland was considered to possess this gift in an eminent degree, and certainly had it; but then it was principally exercised on objects of a certain class, which come in the next degree to still life, and where the expression fell infinitely short of those involuntary starts of passion which convulse the human countenance under the influence of anger, jealousy, or other violent emotions of the soul; much less was the character and tone of Morland's mind, any more than Hogarth's, calculated to express, in their perfect semblance, the softer emotions of joy, grief, love, &c.; as they are felt so will they be expressed, and the painter may most justly be said to paint himself in all he does, whatever the subject of his pencil may be. In the possession of this valuable power of retentive memory, as well as in the exercise of it, Mr. Stothard's genius stands most eminently distinguished by the purity of his taste and the elevation of his thoughts. Nor will it be difficult in the course of these remarks, to bring forward examples from his pencil which will both illustrate his superior talent, and establish what has been advanced of the high character in which he appears in the British School of Design.

Those who expect to find in the paintings or other coloured pictures of this artist, certain qualities of Art which have distinguished the works of more elaborate painters, will find themselves mistaken. In the texture of satin, silk, cloth, or other kind of drapery, he cannot be said to be equal to Hogarth; indeed this artist may be considered a very fair medium, through which the model, as far as costume and drapery are concerned, may be seen for example and practice; though not possessing the qualities which characterized the draperies of Terburgh, or those of Gerhard Douw and other Flemish painters, yet they bore the stamp of truth and evidently shew the use of the model. Still to a certain extent the draperies of Hogarth were those of the period, and may be traced in their style and manner, in the works of his

contemporaries, and as some of them were of the French school, as Watteau, Gravelot, the flutter, instead of the fold, too often appeared. There was a time, still more recent, when a certain style of drapery might be said to lead the fashions, that of Angelica Kauffman, which, though very beautiful as far as it went, had too much of the artificial to serve in all cases, but was still so much insisted upon, that among others who followed in the train, (we will not say of her admirers but of her imitators) was Mr. Stothard. The beautiful designs of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, engraved by Strutt after this artist, may be said to be clothed in the drapery of Angelica Kauffman. This, however, was only a temporary compliance with the fooleries of fashion; which at no time ought to be admitted into the councils of Art. It is lamentable to think that there should be a fashion in collectors for the works of any single artist, style or subject in painting, or for any particular quality of Art. No single painter, whatever his talents may be, can fill a gallery with his own works, if we except Reynolds, West, Wilson, and Hogarth. Mr. Bowles, in the neighbourhood of Wanstead, had none but the works of Angelica Kauffman on the walls of his rooms, and so far were they from being attractive beyond the first glance, that, like over luscious sweets, they might be said to pall the pictorial appetite. And though this might not be exactly the case in the Miltonic gallery, executed some years ago by Fuseli, the eye became weary of the wild and fantastic, as it was in the other instance of perpetual sweetness, softness, and amiability.

And while on the subject of beauty and fashion, a word or two upon what is going on at the present time in the little that finds encouragement in Art, and it is no other than the eternal requisition for beauty: all must be pretty or it is nothing, as if character were of no value, nor expression of consequence, for both must be sacrificed at the shrine of beauty, or something to look like it. This is mere trifling with the distinction of Art, and, as if beauty or prettiness were not enough to satisfy the mawkish vision of fashion, the flowers of the garden must be called in aid to give names and titles to these subjects of a perverted fancy. It is to be hoped if this plan continue, we shall see the snap dragon, the catch fly, the deadly night-shade, as well as the sensitive plant and others of a less questionable appellative, personified in this pictorial parterre. For the first of these, the artist may have to travel as far as Billingsgate, unless he can find a model nearer home: for the catch flies, every public place abounds with them; the great difficulty will be, that of selecting one from so great a number: for the personification of the night-shade, one sex may do as well as

another, and the old fortune-telling crone on the female side, or the hypochondriac old bachelor or misanthrope on the male, may suit the purpose of the artist in flinging at the fooleries of fashion. But to resume our subject.

The easel pictures of Mr. Stothard are few in number, compared with his designs for books and other publications, yet one of these paintings would be sufficient to establish the reputation of the artist. And first, both for character and originality, may be placed the *Canterbury Pilgrims*; as there is a print after this highly esteemed painting, it is perhaps more generally known than most others of his works, and it will be quite in place to give some account how it originated, and had all our capitalists or purveyors for the public taste possessed equal tact with the individual who gave Mr. Stothard the commission to paint it, we should not have drivelling and puerile subjects forced as it were upon the public eye, perverting its taste, giving the half enervated crudities of Art for that wholesome and intellectual element which while it delights also instructs.* Some works of Art carry with them both history and anecdote, such was the case in the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. The late R. Cromek, an engraver and pupil of Bartolozzi, was, as before observed, long and intimately acquainted with Mr. Stothard, and so ardently did he admire and appreciate the talents of the artist, that he has been heard to say, he would write no other epitaph on his tomb than "Robert Cromek, the friend of Thomas Stothard."

Mr. Cromek gave the commission for painting the subject of the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. There had been no previous conversation on the subject, though it must long have occupied the thoughts of the projector, for, on the matter being first mentioned to Mr. Stothard, and before he gave answer to the proposal, he took from his folio a sketch of the subject, shewing that it had been long contemplated and only wanted the sanction of a commission to set him to work. Under such circumstances it could happen no other than that the picture would be painted *con amore*; nor were there testimonies wanting both from artists and amateurs to its character and excellence. The press might be said to teem with notices and comments on its qualities and characters, but the most striking and able of these articles was a small tract from the pen of Mr. Carey, who gave in detail his remarks on the several characters in the procession, with strictures upon the qualities of the performance as a work of Art, and in all

* On the delivery of the painting into the hands of Mr. Cromek, Mr. Stothard observed to him, you have now in this performance the practice and experience of forty years.

shewing both skill and judgment by his several comments; with these remarks there appeared a letter from Mr. Hoppner, R. A. to Richard Cumberland Esq. which is so creditable to the parties concerned, and having been written nearly thirty years ago, and consequently in the hands of but few that it can hardly be unacceptable to the reader.

TO RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

30th May, 1807.

You desire me to give you some account of the Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims painted by Stothard, and the task is a pleasing one; for the praise called forth by the merits of a living artist from a rival in pursuit of fame, is, I feel, like mercy, twice blessed—

“It blesseth him that gives and him that takes”

The painter has chosen that moment for his picture, when the Pilgrims may be supposed to have disengaged themselves from the multitude that bustle in the environs of a great metropolis, and are collected together by Harry Baillie their guide and host. The scene is therefore laid in that part of their road from London that commands a view of the Dulwich hills, where it is supposed the host would, without fear of interruption, proclaim his proposal of drawing lots, to determine who should tell the first tale: he is represented standing in his stirrups, and appears to exult in the plan he has formed for their future entertainment. You see the group gently passing forward—all are in motion—yet too well satisfied with each other to be eager for their journey's end. The features of each individual are touched with the most happy discrimination of character, and prove the painter to have studied the human heart with as much attention as, and not less successfully than the poet.

The intelligent group is rendered still more interesting by the charm of colouring, which, though simple is strong, and most harmoniously distributed throughout the picture. The Landscape has a deep-toned brightness that accords most happily with the figures; and the painter has ingeniously contrived to give value to a common scene and very ordinary forms, that could hardly be found by unlearned eyes, in the natural objects. He has expressed too, with great vivacity and truth, the freshness of morning at that season, when nature herself is most fresh and blooming—the spring; and it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine we perceive the influence of it on the cheeks of the Fair Wife of Bath, and her rosy companions the Monk and Friar.

In respect of the execution of the various parts of this pleasing

design, it is not too much praise to say, that it is wholly free from that vice which the painters term manner; and it has this peculiarity beside which I do not remember to have seen in any picture, ancient or modern, that it bears no mark of the period in which it was painted, but might very well pass for the work of some able artist of the time of Chaucer. This effect is not, I believe, the result of any association of ideas, connected with the costume, but appears in a primitive simplicity, and the total absence of all affectation, either of colour or pencilling.

Having attempted to describe a few of the beauties of this captivating performance, it remains only for me to mention one great defect—the picture is, notwithstanding appearances, a modern one. But if you can divest yourself of the general prejudice that exists against contemporary talents, you will see a work that would have done honor to any school at any period.*

I am Dear Sir, &c.

JOHN HOPPER.

The concluding caustic remarks of the "one great defect," will shew at once the tone and character of the writer's mind, and will come home to the feelings of every native artist. With such testimonials, a subscription was set on foot for a print to be engraved after the painting, and, independent of the interest which the proprietor had in the venture, there could hardly have been found one, who, possessing talents as an artist, and a knowledge of the world as a man, that would with more advantage set on foot such an undertaking. He had to qualify or enlighten the comments of the ignorant, to stimulate the apathy of some, and spur the backwardness of others.

* Though not given under their hand, there were few among the first in the ranks of Art but bore testimony to the merits of this extraordinary performance, at the time of its appearance. The president West was lavish in his encomiums; and Mr. Turner pointed out a passage in the picture peculiar to his own studies, effects in Landscape scenery. It was the gradation preserved in the painting, of a bright sunny morning in spring to the coming shower apparently falling in the distance. "It is" observed Mr. Turner "an effect often attempted but seldom executed with like success."

It is much to be lamented that little of this effect is preserved in the print; and although the characters are well preserved, there is a heaviness throughout which should have been avoided; but the calculating system of a large return in the number of impressions has, in this, as in most other occasions, been detrimental to its more perfect character. The Chelsea Pensioners engraved by J. Burnet after D. Wilkie, and the Flicht of Bacon, engraved by — Watts, are examples of the lightness and brilliancy so much wanting in the Pilgrims.

Among other places, the picture, along with its proprietor, found its way to Edinburgh, at which place it was exhibited and remained for a fortnight, without obtaining a single name as a subscriber. It fortunately happened, however, that before the patience of Mr. Cromek was quite exhausted, or the picture withdrawn, that Mr. Jeffery visited the rooms and was immediately recognized by the former, who, after listening to some casual remarks of the latter, as well as some tangible commendations of the performance, took occasion to observe, that though the picture had been seen by many and approved by most, the well informed town of Edinburgh had not given him a single name. The remark was sensibly felt by Mr. Jeffery, who invited the artist to meet him at—where a party was assembled to breakfast, and the subject of the subscription introduced, when the names of all present, and ultimately to the number of forty, more or less, followed from people of the first rank and consideration in Edinburgh. In like manner subscriptions were obtained in most parts of the kingdom: and the success was sufficient to induce Mr. Cromek to put in hand an engraving after the picture. A circumstance happened with respect to the painting, which, though it could not detract from or lessen its merits, was very painful and distressing to the owner. On its arrival at Manchester it was discovered that the panel on which it was painted had received an injury in its carriage; a crack appeared at one end which it was thought might extend the whole length so as to separate it altogether, and it was considered advisable to consult a joiner as to the way in which it might be remedied. A person was found who readily undertook the task, and, hardly giving time for pause or consideration, took a broad chisel from his bag—but was suddenly stopped by his employer, desiring to know in what way he meant to proceed.—“Why to split it from end to end” was the reply; poor Cromek stood for a while in consternation at the proposal—but the joiner knew his business and insisted upon the operation—convinced of its necessity, a reluctant consent was given—and away went the panel, divided from end to end. “My feelings on the occasion” said Mr. Cromek to a friend, “can hardly be described; it was like a shock from electricity through my whole frame.” The parts however were skilfully united, and without injury to the picture. It was then put into the hands of the engravers, and the plate proceeded accordingly.

From circumstances which all are acquainted with who deal in such speculations, the print was long in hand, and, singular to relate, the two engravers employed, Louis and Phillip Schiavonetti, as well

as the proprietor of the painting, paid the debt of nature ere the plate was finished; and it was finally completed by Mr. James Heath, A. R. A.

One more circumstance may be related, connected with the painting of the Pilgrims, during the time it was in the hands of the engravers L. and P. Schiavonetti. Mr. Blake, of eccentric memory, whose designs to illustrate Blair's Grave, and other works of great genius and talent are well known, undertook to produce an engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrims, from a design of his own, in one year from a certain date, and he accomplished the task. But it was, as might have been expected, eccentric and extraordinary—a curiosity in Art, and might in its character and execution have passed for a performance or work of Art, contemporary with the times of Chaucer.

The original painting by Mr. Stothard, it is understood, was afterwards bought by Hart Davis, Esq. A copy, with some variations, was made for a gentleman in Yorkshire, who also purchased characters from Shakspeare by the same artist. This painting has less of locality in its subject than the Canterbury Pilgrims, and is “of imagination all compact.” This picture, like the former, is a lengthened composition, if the term may be allowed, a form which certainly requires great skill to arrange and bring into view the variety so essential to the picturesque; but in this as in the Pilgrims, the artist has shown his usual powers. From left to right the characters follow in order, from those of comedy to those of tragedy, like the notes of an instrument from the light and playful airs of the treble, through the tenor to the deepest tones of the bass, yet all, like a well-conducted piece of music, is in unison and harmony. A rainbow divides this pictorial drama near the centre, at a point where it is best introduced, “The Tempest,” and in connexion with the figures of Prospero, Miranda, and Ariel. Among the comic groups the figures of Falstaff and the Prince are conspicuous, and the fat knight’s—“By the Lord I knew you”—can hardly be mistaken as the passage alluded to. Celia, Rosaline, and the fool, are a delightful group, a composition complete in all its parts. Sir Andrew Ague Cheek and Sir Toby Belch are, in point of humour and character, upon the very verge of caricature, particularly Sir Toby; still there is no violence done to truth and nature. In Sir Andrew it is insanity struggling into mirth, whilst his companion exhibits perhaps a little too much vulgarity in the expression of his clamorous joy. But, perhaps, the master-piece of expression will be found in the character of Ophelia. In the expression of her frantic wildness there is nothing violent; it may be said of her

look—"It is pitiful—wondrous pitiful,"—to which the sympathetic regards of Hamlet give great effect. It is in the delineation of these under emotions of the soul, that the artist best shows his powers. The character of Lady Macbeth, with the phantoms of horror floating before her troubled vision, is also a striking and important feature in this work of imaginative and truly intellectual painting. Whether this picture was intended as a companion to the Pilgrims, is not known; but, if so, it had nothing suitable for such a purpose but its elongated shape. The *Fitch of Bacon*, recently published, would serve better; but the truth is, that in either case it does not appear to be in keeping with the character of such works to go in pairs, each being properly a centre, intended for the mantle or some middle space in the end or side of a room.

Expression may be said to be the soul of painting, and, when accompanied by other essential qualities in Art, best shows the powers of the artist. It is true, it may be found in a sketch, sometimes of the rudest sort; but it is often exaggerated or bordering on caricature; it is in the subtle, the quiet, yet decided emotion of the mind that the greatest skill is required; and though expression is a marked and distinguishing feature in the works of Mr. Stothard, there are degrees in this quality of the painter's Art: the most perfect, as well as the most difficult to accomplish, may be seen in a painting by Mr. Stothard, from the song of Auld Robin Gray. The point of time chosen by the artist is when—

"My father urged me sair, though my mither cou'd nae speak;
Yet she looked in my face till I thought my heart wou'd break."

Those who are old enough to remember the effect which those last words had on the audience, when sung by Mr. Kennedy at Vauxhall, may see them illustrated in their pictorial character in this little picture.* The original, it is understood, was painted for Mr. George Thomson of Edinburgh, among others, to accompany his "*Select Melodies*," &c.

Along with others by Mr. Stothard, there is a clever outline by his son, Mr. Robert Stothard, after this subject, which gives some idea of the character and composition; but it would task the talents of our best engraver to give the entire expression of the old woman as it appears in the original painting. It were no easy task to trace the

* Perhaps its parallel, in point of expression, can only be found in the silent agony of Count Ugolino, in that admirable painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, allowing for the difference of size and finish in the two performances.

course of Mr. Stothard's works, even through his oil and easel pictures, much less through the multitude of designs from his pencil. Of the former as well as of the latter, Mr. Stothard made several copies, which, whatever may have been the practice in others as well as himself, must have the effect of lowering the value of the original, and unless under some peculiar circumstances, seems like that of an artist's selling the birth-right of his fame; to say nothing of the mechanical drudgery, which, like a twice told tale, must fall heavily on the powers of a painter copying his own works. It is quite another thing when the student is employed in copying the works of others; he is then supposed to be endeavouring to acquire the several qualities of his prototype, it is a part of his education in regard to his future practice; but trading in copies should belong only to dealers; whose object, it is well known, is to pass them for originals. The practice of copying from the works of the old masters and others, at the British Institution, has in many instances been vexatiously felt by the proprietors; this practice at first was limited to copying part of their pictures, till broke in upon by some means it has been carried on as a traffic in Art, as well as to the multiplying of paintings to a degree which cannot but be detrimental to the Art, and must lower its tone as a profession.

Mr. Stothard's design of the Wellington Shield stands conspicuous, and is no less deserving of notice as a work of Art in the character of its invention, than as an etching by the hand of the artist. This arduous and laborious task he may be said to have imposed on himself, for though his ulterior object might have been profit, yet his views were higher, for when at work upon the plate, he was questioned by a friend, how he could bring himself to encounter a work of such labour and time? his answer was—

"It is the enterprize of the thing."

This pictorial record, but for the defeat of Bonaparte at the battle of Waterloo, would have been rendered nugatory, or viewed only as an empty triumph. It was voted by the city of London, after the conquests of the allies, as a mark of honor and respect to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, when Bonaparte was exiled to the Island of Elba. Alas! but for the battle of Waterloo, what a bubble blown up by anticipation would the design of the Wellington Shield have been. But it was not to be so, and instead of sinking the subject and grieving for the lost time of the artist, the pleasure remains of expatiating on the merits of the work and its characteristic design, with all that be-

longs to the qualities of Art, of which it is so admirable an example; and we congratulate Messrs. Green and Ward on employing the talents of Mr. Stothard for such a work, the foundation of whose taste and good sense is simplicity; and who, instead of carrying the subject out of our own times and costume, has given them, with a very moderate allowance of pictorial licence, as they were.

ON COLOUR IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

In most, if not in all, treatises on colour in landscape painting, one school has been pointed out for eminence, the pictures of which have been offered as the most perfect models of colouring in that branch of Art, viz. the Flemish. That the pictures of that school deserve such distinction seems to be generally allowed, and for this simple reason—that they have remained unequalled in respect to colouring since that school existed, and are to this day absolutely intimitable. Hence the enormous sums at present given for their purchase, so that a fine specimen of the Flemish School is almost a fortune to the possessor.

In allowing this much for the Flemish colouring, it is not wished to be understood that their productions are the standards for landscape composition or light and shade, far from it; another school may be selected—the English, wherein all other excellencies, colour excepted, can be found in such perfection as cannot be discovered in any other school, consisting in accurate transcript of nature—in a selection of the grand and magnificent in scenery,—and a perspective and breadth of light which even Claude Lorraine himself never excelled. Neither Ruysdael, Wynants, Both, nor Berchem, ever portrayed a scene like Turner—nor could the latter with all his powers, colour like one of them.

Before proposing rules for combinations and arrangements, which I reserve for another paper, a few observations will be necessary, briefly inquiring into the cause of this disparity and poverty of colour in modern landscape, and shewing the necessity of a peculiar state of colour as the primary object in painting.

The necessity of a peculiar state of colour in painting will be seen by the following considerations. All pictorial imitations of nature are imitations of the transparent plane in perspective. As there is no surface perceived in that plane, it follows that in proportion as we get rid of the appearance of surface in a picture, we approximate to the

imitation of that perspective plane, and consequently in the imitation of nature. There are certain substances the surfaces of which appear more tangible or perceptible than others; for instance the surfaces of water, ice, or glass, having a liquid transparency, cannot in certain situations be easily perceived; and I imagine that in proportion as such substances decrease in refractive power they become less perceptible. There are other bodies partaking of such diaphanous properties of surface, which are notwithstanding capable of reflecting colour, such as silk or wool, which serve to shew that the beauty of their colours arises from the colouring particle being suspended in reflecting light through a transparent medium of low refractive power; for where such medium (the fibre) is opaque, as in calico for instance, though the same dyes or colouring particles be used, the colours are invariably insipid and dead. Another surface which gives beautiful colour and is not "hard" is velvet; arising I imagine from the passage of light to the reflecting particles through a still lower refractive medium, the air which fills the interstices of the texture. From this hypothesis it will be seen that there exists an analogy between such substances and the colours used in painting: dry or powdered colours in crayon painting, water colour drawing and certain processes in wax, where in each instance the reflection of light and colour from the pigment is not intercepted, and oil and varnish colours in the silk or liquid texture. It follows then, to imitate the latter texture in painting, the colouring particles or pigments should be mixed with a liquid capable of suspending them free from each other, to admit light between them, and to elicit the colour. Such a suspension or floating of particles of colour can only be obtained by a liquid in the state of a jelly or transparent paste, as preparations of varnish and oil, or wax &c.; such vehicle when used with colours should remain fixed, and to prevent the perceptibility or hardness of surface, a low refractive power is required—other requisites are necessary, such as a limpidness in the vehicle and a quick drying quality.

The vehicles now used by artists are all deficient in most of these qualities—softness in a liquid surface and limpidness; they are hard, thick, pasty compounds, generally of a bad colour, neither admitting delicacy in finish, facility in execution, nor depth of colour. The Dutch vehicles, though composed in all probability, of the same oils and gums, were limpid, colourless jellies, admitting of half the picture being worked in glazing colours on a ground, as in water colour drawing, and preserving the clearness of the lights for years, and so little of surface is seen on their pictures, that you at once say, there

is the atmosphere *in* them. The landscape is *in* the picture, not on its surface, and shews no barrier to a walk amidst its scenery.

A further difference may be observed—their colours blended, without the softer each touch eat into the adjoining one and into the ground. This is evident from the state in which their colour is left on the canvass—no modern picture could be executed like those of Ruysdael, Cuyp, Berchem, or Both, for the simple reason that we have not the materials that would admit of such an effect, or leave the colours in such a state, though we can read their process touch by touch, as if we had seen their manipulations. The preparation of oils and varnishes has never been carried to that nicety, which the Flemish thought so indispensable in painting.* It has often been imagined that there are pigments in the Flemish pictures totally different from ours, and more finely prepared. The contrary, no doubt, is the case; that our colourmen prepare a greater variety and equally as fine, is easily proved by observing the brilliancy or depravity exhibited by using them, ever so indifferently prepared, in a few different vehicles—as black, for instance, used in one, shall appear grey in another. There are certain effects in nature, the imitation of which depend altogether on a peculiar state of colour. There is one out of many, and beautiful as common, seen under a compact cloudy sky with wind, when a depth of purple is seen on the distance; and the peculiar clearness of local colour from the transparency of the air betokens the approach of rain; the colours and shadows being as decided in the distance as in the fore-ground. Modern Art has never portrayed this in oils; the attempt would be at once pronounced dreary, cold and black; but Ruysdael has, and often. I have seen a picture of his, wherein the extreme distance, a green hill apparently 2 or 3 miles off, (evidently glazed with a green as positive as verdigris and more decided than any in the fore-ground), and a wood beneath it, the shadows of which were laid in van brown. All was in perspective,† all was harmony; and that green hill breathed the showery freshness of spring, and the darkening wood the pure and breezy air.

* In other departments of Art, perhaps such nicety is not required, as in portraiture, where the objects represented are apparently within touch; transparency or depth in the shadows only being considered necessary; but a beautiful material is the only imitation of light, of vapour, sky and water, in landscape.

† Aerial perspective does not consist in showing a misty wintry atmosphere between every distance, but in the imitation of space by transparent colour, true perspective of forms, and above all perspective in details.

How often is the artist told to paint "*warm*?" Why, may be his reply, must he paint sun-sets eternally, and his trees in the sere and yellow leaf and brown his skies and every thing else above nature? is he to forego the use of black and blue pigments, the silvery freshness of Ruysdael, Wynants, Wouvermans and Vandervelde?—Red colour is allowed to be a certain remedy for want of depth and harmony from its peculiar nature, its refrangibility, and obliging the artist to diffuse it throughout his picture, because the light or the atmosphere is red; but "*warmth*" in painting is after all pretty nearly synonymous with "*depth*." The colouring of Claude's pictures never give an idea of coldness, though three parts are painted with grey colours compounded with blue and black, nay, on the contrary, they are always glowing.

Colour is of much more importance in Landscape painting, than is generally imagined.—The origin of the high value of the Flemish pictures on enquiry will be resolved into *colour* only by the display of that beautiful transparent delicacy, and truth of representation so inimitable in their works. Colour has often been compared to music and aptly so. The notes in the octave to the prism—the loudness or softness to the high or low tones of light and shade—the tone of the instrument to the softness and transparency of the colours, and its touch to the handling.—It has the same weight in a picture as the instruments in a composition of music. A picture, a copy of Claude painted with bad colours, would suffer as much as one of Handel's compositions played by a band of bagpipes, though in each case the choicest performers should be selected. But colour is more than this—it is the soul, the *expression* in landscape, playing in morning's light and freshness, or evening's glow, beaming in the majestic brightness of mid-day, or in the star-lit hour, in soft diffusion spread: no wonder, then, that the young tyro in the Arts who is not yet *hardened* in colour should be solicitous about his paints, when he sees the depth and brilliancy of nature, and its imitation by Masters of other days; and when repulsed by the observations of the Landscape Draughtsman, that colours are but as Rhymes to verses—a superfluous dress; he should ask him to *draw* the purple heath or bloom—the mosses' golden green, or waters Iris tinted lights, and far from being discouraged by such Hydra, should remember that a president of the Arts in Britain spent months in search of what they would term an *Ignis fatuus*, but which proved to him—an Iris—"a deep toned brightness" a certain guide to fame.

Had that close scrutinizer of nature's colours, Sir D. Brewster,

[illegible]



The Holy Family by Raphael.

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given to the material portion of the Art a tithe of the time he spent on the kaleidoscope and other toys, he would probably have done more for modern painters than all the letters and lectures, hints and articles, that have ever been published, and might have enabled us successfully to rival even the productions of Claude, Cuyp, Both, or Burchem, by banishing at once and for ever that flaming parrot colouring of Japan-ware hardness, and the cold drizzling weather so *unearthly*—out of our modern copyings of nature.—Give the artist but the material, he shall give in return Landscapes of the golden age—the expression of nature, her smiles and frowns—the laughing blue of sunny skies—or the storm's deep gloom—the deepening waves or the snowy whiteness of its spray.

J. E.

THE HOLY FAMILY BY RAFFAELLE.

WE are indebted to the kindness of Mr. A. Nossoc, for the pleasure of presenting to our readers, an etching from the celebrated painting in his possession, of The Holy Family by Raffaëlo Sanzio Da Urbino. The original picture 24½ Inches by 17½, was painted on canvass by Raffaële in 1518, two years before his death, when his talents were at their highest degree of perfection : he presented it to CARDINAL DE BOISSY, as a tribute of esteem and gratitude for the services that prelate had rendered him with Francis I.

We have here represented before us, the Virgin and infant Jesus, with St. Joseph, St. John, St. Elizabeth, and two Angels. On considering it with attention, it would seem that Raffaële has endeavoured to unite in one performance all the excellencies that pervade his other works, by contrasting together in the same group the different ages of beauty. Thus the infant Jesus is a perfect model of the graces of his age ; the muscles of his body are rather more defined than they would be in a nature purely human, but without the grace and roundness of the contours being at all diminished by this circumstance ; it is only a more perfect infantile nature. His action, which carries him towards his mother who is bending forwards to receive him, is also of his age, but bespeaks intense affection ; and his looks, the smile upon his features, his whole gesture and attitude are in the highest degree expressive of filial tenderness. The period of adolescence has also for its models of perfect beauty two angels, one of

whom is kneeling with his arms folded on his breast, his countenance beaming with joy and adoration ; whilst the other with uplifted arms is scattering flowers on the Infant and Virgin. This angel represents youth in its prime ; his blooming complexion loses nothing of its freshness from being cast in demi-shade ; his beauty is of a style quite different from that of the antique—a style, the product of the rich imagination of Raffaele. The whole of this figure is of an elegance quite original, it is neither that of the Apollo, nor the Antinous, nor the Meleager ; it is a creation worthy of that paradise from which it has just descended. The hands have a charming degree of delicacy, the fingers are long, round, and taper in a lovely manner. The arm might at first be deemed rather too muscular, but on a little reflection we perceive that more roundness would have made it the arm of a female, and this slight indication informs us that it is not.

The whole figure of the Madonna is in the height of perfection, and is stamped with that peculiar type of beauty which the brilliant genius of Raffaele alone could invent for the Virgin Mother of Christ ; a type of beauty, neither that of the Venus, nor the Niobe of the ancients, nor stained with the most distant tint of meretricious charms ; but one characterized by a peculiar trait that is wanting in the antique,—the physiognomy of expression—a thing only to be conceived but which cannot be defined. Such especially distinguishes, in this picture, the countenance of the Virgin ; a perfect oval, contours that glide insensibly from one plane to another ; large full eyes nearly even with the forehead, but which have such an ineffable sweetness and modesty as can only serve to express maternal tenderness ; a nose with the slightest degree of aquilinity, whose dimensions are delicate without being thin, and its outline defined without any hardness ; a mouth delineated with all the purity and gracefulness of its expression ; the whole surmounted by a smooth, open forehead, betokening the virginal serenity of her mind ; hair arranged in an elegant but inartificial manner ; a neck shorter than in the antique, but having more roundness and graceful flexibility ; shoulders with a deeper slope than in the Venus de Medici, but more slender, and which spread with a more gentle and flowing outline ; a bosom, whose charming contours mould the drapery that conceals it ; a slender and youthful waist ; arms, hands, and feet which escape idolatry only by the veneration and respect that the whole inspires. In a word, an *ensemble* which brings before us all the charms that imagination can lend to ideal beauty animated by the graces which candour and the chastest complexion can bestow. Such is the fiction realized by the

pencil of the immortal Raffaele, the model of which could alone exist in the most favored organization of Nature. The head of St. Elizabeth is that of a handsome elderly female ; her features still retain traces of her former beauty, and her whole expression bespeaks kindness and benevolence ; her head-dress is elegant and becomes her age, and her action, which is wholly engaged with her son, St. John, forms a natural and appropriate contrast with that of the other figures, who are all occupied with the infant Saviour. Finally, St. Joseph, for the first time, is not embarrassing in the situation which he occupies ; his head is that of a grave but benevolent old man ; his attitude that of meditation and reflection ; he appears to be contemplating the Divine Infant with a mixture of veneration, awe, and affection.

On studying the ensemble of this picture, no part will be found that is not finished with the utmost perfection, and in the most exquisite manner, even to the minutest detail : nothing has been overlooked, nothing neglected. To account for this let it be remembered, that whilst Raffaele was executing this performance he was animated with the most ardent sentiments of friendship and gratitude for the personage to whom he intended to present it.

The original picture, which may safely be esteemed one of the most exquisite paintings in the world, is in the first state of preservation. On the border of the drapery of the Virgin is, in letters of a yellow colour *now unknown*,

RAPHAEL. VRBINAS. PINGEBAT. MDXVIII.*

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE second meeting in this session took place on Wednesday, February 12th, and was numerously attended by some of the most distinguished in the ranks of literature and Art ; among whom were many members of the Royal Academy, and he who combines the graphic power of the pencil with the fascinating influence of the poetic muse, Sir M. A. Shee. Among the several gems exposed for view, was a portfolio filled with some of the productions of Stanfield—a painting of "The antlered Monarch of the Waste" which, to say nothing of the

* There can be no doubt but Edelinck took his celebrated engraving from the above painting, the difference between it and that recently engraved by Richehomme from the picture in the Louvre, being strikingly apparent.

beautiful manner, in which it was executed, brought vividly to the mind the idea of the noble stag described by Sir Walter Scott;—which

“Stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.”—

There were also two spirited drawings of the interior of Winchester Cathedral, in the one, wherein is portrayed a female figure kneeling at a shrine, the lights were beautifully distributed. At the head of the table was a design in plaster, of part of the shield of Hercules, representing a bridal procession, as described by Hesiod; if chastity of design and classic elegance of conception can confer distinction, Mr. W. Pitts will not go without his reward. The bust in marble of the Hon. Mrs. Norton was finely executed by Mr. Hollens, and the two paintings “Venus” and the “Boy drinking,” are lovely specimens of Art. It must have been highly gratifying to the projectors of this Society to see their meeting so well attended, and their feelings must have been proud indeed to perceive the elite, both of metropolitan and provincial artists, associating at an institution which has not yet been twelve-months in existence. It is indeed by such institutions as these, and by these only, that we may hope eventually to throw off the deserved national opprobrium of phlegmatic coldness and artistical morosity. The painter, the sculptor, or the architect, should no longer imagine that it is only in his studio that he can be useful: for otherwise in truth is the fact; for the varied discoveries of each should be brought as it were, into one focus, so that all may be fairly examined and beneficially discussed. Shall he whose fine imagination presents before him the lightning’s flash, as it glances from the mountain top, and whose ear listens mentally to the thunders as they roll through the vallies beneath—shall the man whose chisel can express from the shapeless marble an image which wants nothing but Promethean fire to make it a perfect being in existence—or he whose chastened Art can design the gorgeous temples of Greece and Italy, or frame “the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,” be content to wrap such splendid talents, comparatively, up in a napkin? Certainly not; neither man nor any of his attributes were ever intended to be completely isolated; and though, unfortunately, *self* be the predominating feature in our natures, and a desire for our own aggrandizement, leaving far in the back-ground all solicitation for that of others, be natural to us as the oxygen on which we live, yet, let the truly generous mind remember the duties which he owes to society, and reflect on this irrefutable fact—that excellence in any thing has been given only to a *few* in order that the *many* may be benefited by their exertions. The object of this Society is con,

sequently excellent ; for it combines ubiquity of feeling and a general dispensation of artistical experience, throwing far from it the trammels of prejudice and besotted ignorance, and leaving in the playground, with other childish weaknesses, that party spirit which can only exist among those whose works deserve no notice, but which will never find admission into the arena of manly strife and generous contention.

A VISIT TO THE ACADEMY OF ARTS.—FROM BATIASHKOV.

You press me, my old friend, for the continuation of my *promenades* in St. Petersburg ; with this request I now endeavour to comply, taking for my subject the Academy of Arts, which is so much changed within the last twenty years, the period of our absence from this capital. "I am impatient for your account of it," methinks I hear you exclaim, as you peruse the first lines of my lengthy and garrulous epistle. You and I have always been admirers both of painting and sculpture ; and in your snug little habitation in the *Præma* (of which now not a trace remains), frequently have we disputed about the head of the Apollo Belvidere ; the fingers of Canova's Hebe ; the horse of Peter the Great ; and discussed the beauties of the pencils of Raphael, Correggio, and even Salvator Rosa, Murillo, and others. Although I often agreed with you, seldom could I bring you over to my way of thinking, and still seldomer were you disposed to listen to the opinions of good friend Alisov, the painter, the companion of the celebrated Losenkov, who used more than once to perplex us by his good-natured obstinacy,—nay, sometimes to put our patience to the proof. Nevertheless, I now look back to those petty disputations with something like regret. Those happy days are now gone for ever. The conflagration of Moscow has swallowed up your former humble residence—pictures, prints, and all !—no very great loss, in truth, for the Arts, since the collection, which had been the fruits of your visits to auctions and brokers' shops, and the stalls in the German suburb, did not contain any absolute *chefs d'œuvres*. The flames did not even spare your favorite little Venus, in which you fancied there was something not very far from divine ; nor were they more merciful towards the broken-nosed bust of Voltaire, or the little Cupid with a torch, or the bronze Fawn which Alisov had palmed upon us as a genuine antique dug up in the ruins of some bath or other near Naples. You have not forgotten how enraptured we both of us were with it, and not only we ourselves, but all the *dilettanti* of the neighbourhood.

In addition to these treasures the relentless flames destroyed the little acacia-wood summer-house, together with its handsome seats, and its oak table; where, while drinking our tea, we used to enjoy the beautiful prospect from its windows—the stream of the Moskwa winding through meadows, and now gliding beneath the walls and lofty towers of the Drevitsky Monastery—the “Sparrow Hills,” and their thick, tufted groves, while the scene itself was rendered still more charming by the lovely array of sunset. But although the place of our former vesper meetings has disappeared, the memory of them has not passed away from my mind. Doubtless, you still retain your old affection for the Arts, even should time and change of circumstances have somewhat abated your enthusiasm, perhaps, too, somewhat of your former disputatious energy. Let me hear, therefore, what you have to say of the Academy of Arts, and of the productions of our artists. Any intelligence of the kind will be welcome to such a solitary recluse as myself, who, although buried in a manner from the world, and grown indifferent to its vanities, still feels a love for his country, and takes an interest in whatever concerns its honor or its prosperity. After some such manner as this will you soliloquize, while unfolding my capacious letter, in which I shall begin from the very beginning, after the old fashion of old folks.

While sitting yesterday morning by the window, with a volume of Winckelmann in my hand, I indulged in a reverie, of which you must not expect any particular account; suffice it to say, that I had forgotten both the book and what I had been reading. I only recollect that, while gazing upon the Neva, covered with vessels, and on that superb quay, which, thanks to the force of habit, the good people of St. Petersburg regard as a mere matter of course, and admiring the numberless crowd that passed beneath my window, a strange medley of all nations, in which I could recognise Englishmen and Asiatics, Frenchmen and Kalmuc Tartars, Russians and Finns, I put the following question to myself—What was the appearance of this same spot of ground before St. Petersburg was founded. Probably it was occupied by an impenetrable forest of firs; or it might have been a dreary impassable desert tract, or else a sluggish marsh covered with moss and brushwood;—on yonder bank stood, perhaps, some fisherman's miserable hovel, surrounded by nets and other tackle, the rude implements of his rude trade. Here, too, may have then roved the wanderer of the chace, some long-haired Finn, clearing a path for himself

And with his bow's swift-winged spear
O'ertaking in its flight the deer.

Rarely did sound of human voice break the sullen silence that reigned around; and now, I directed my eyes involuntarily towards the Troitzky Bridge, and thence towards the humble dwelling of that great monarch, to whom may justly be applied the well-known verse,

Souvent un faible gland recèle un chêne immense.

My imagination forthwith pictured to me Peter himself, as he stood contemplating the banks of the Neva, then wild and horrid in their native savageness—now embellished by all the pomp of Art. The artillery of the Swedes was rolling in thunder, from the fortress of Neutchantz; the mouth of the Neva was covered with the enemy, and frequent discharges of musketry rattled in echoes along its marshy shores, when the noble idea was first conceived by that truly great man. "Here," exclaimed he, "shall stand a city that shall prove the wonder of the world. Hither will I summon all the Arts, all the Sciences. Assisted by them, the institutions of civilized life shall subdue the obstacles opposed by nature." Lo! obedient to his dictate, St. Petersburg arose in the bleak, marshy wild.

With what a glow of satisfaction did I picture to myself the patriot monarch superintending the commencement of his mighty plan,—there the works of his infant citadel, here workshops, magazines, the admiralty. Often might he have been seen sitting on the rampart, with a plan of the city in his hand, opposite the gates of the fortress, which were then adorned with a rude covering in wood, representing the Apostle Peter. The city was named in honor of the saint; and on an iron tablet was inscribed, in Roman characters, the date, 1703, a year henceforth memorable in the annals of the world, as that distinguished by this important undertaking. Hoisted upon the bastion floated the yellow flag with its large black eagle, whose talons grasped the four seas, subject to the dominion of Russia. Here, amid the crowd of foreigners, sailors, artisans, engineers, mathematicians, and warriors, who surrounded Peter, might be distinguished Menzikoff, his imperial master's favorite, humble by origin, but truly great by the qualities of his mind, the generous Dolgonsky—and the brave enterprising phalanx of noble spirits who seconded their prince in his efforts to found the future greatness of Russia.

Buried in these cogitations, I did not notice the entrance of N—, a clever young artist, and the son of an old acquaintance of mine, until he had saluted me. "I am come to take you along with me," said he: "to day the Academy of Arts is opened to visitors, and I

have promised myself the pleasure of accompanying you thither as your Cicerone. You will find there much that is well worth seeing. I will answer for your being pleased with some of the productions of our Russian pencils and chisels. Do but see," continued he, opening the window, "what gloriously fine weather it is. All the town is abroad, so that our walk to the Academy will not be a solitary one." "I shall be most happy to accompany you," replied I; "for it is now about twenty years since I saw the Academy; and as every thing here makes gigantic strides towards improvement, I flatter myself that I shall be agreeably surprised at witnessing the progress made during that period by the Arts."

The weather was indeed most beautiful: not even the slightest breeze ruffled the bosom of the magnificent stream before us, to which I mentally addressed myself in the words of the poet, who has celebrated the "Goddess of the Neva:"

Flow on in majesty serene,
Proud Neva, thou bright river queen,
'Mid regal domes, and towering piles,
And thy own shadowy verdant isles.

Gilded by the rays of the morning sun, the magnificent structures upon its banks were vividly reflected in the clear mirror of waters below; and we both exclaimed—what a magnificent city! what a magnificent river!

"A truly incomparable city!" ejaculated my companion: "how many subjects for the pencil does it offer to any one capable of selecting them! The misfortune is, that we do not care to make use of our own abundance; our painters must always represent Italian views, in comparison with which they scorn whatever is to be met with at home. To say the truth, I compassionate them when I behold them, as frequently happens, working in the severest cold, upon a Neapolitan sky, acting the tyrant to their own feelings and imaginations—and not seldom, likewise, to our eyes. Landscape ought to be the portraiture of places; for if it does not clearly resemble particular nature, what value can it possess? In order to become fully sensible of the beauties of St. Petersburg," continued he, "one ought to absent oneself from it some time, and visit the older capitals of Europe,—antiquated patched-up Paris, and smoky London. Observe what regularity and consistency prevail here; how all the parts tend to form one magnificent whole. What splendor of architecture, and to what advantage is it set off by the intermixture of water and buildings! Look, again,

at the palisading of the summer garden! what lightness and elegance in its design; compared with it, that of the gardens of the Tuilleries, is overloaded with heavy ornaments, grotesque, barbarous, and positively ugly!"

The enthusiasm of my young friend delighted me; "You are the right subject for an artist," said I, pressing his hand. I do not know whether he put any faith in the prophetic import of my words, but replied to my observation with a smile, and then continuing his panegyric exclaimed, "look now at the quay, at those spacious palaces, each more splendid than the other; at those elegant houses, alternately eclipsing each other in beauty. Next direct your eyes towards the Vassily ostrou, with its noble exchange and rostral columns, and granite quay with flights of steps to the water. What pomp and magnificence does this quarter of the city exhibit! yonder edifice* does credit to the talents of Thomond that indefatigable artist, who devoted his abilities to us, and contributed so much to the embellishment of the Palmyra of the north. After dwelling upon the exchange with what satisfaction does the eye next trace the extent of the embankments of the river, until the view is finally lost in the distance, between those two unrivalled quays!"—"True my friend," exclaimed I, "how many wonders here present themselves to us: and in how short time have they all been created—within a single century! honour be to the founder of this magnificent metropolis, honor also, to his successors who have so nobly completed what he began, and that too, in the midst of wars, and both domestic and foreign strife. And, above all, honor to Alexander, who in the course of his single reign did more for the embellishment of his capital, than all his predecessors! And when did he accomplish this? While the most important political interests and the fate of all Europe lay on his heart; while the foe of Russia was ravaging her soil; while the sword and fire-brand were consuming what it had taken whole centuries to produce!"

Conversing in this manner, we reached the admiralty, "I well recollect" you will say, "that ugly mass of building, surrounded with draw-bridges and deep moats, disfigured by broken wooden palisades and posts." Be not so hasty, my worthy old friend, he who has not seen St. Petersburg for twenty years, can form no idea of its present appearance. Here he will now behold an entirely new city; with new inhabitants, new customs, and new manners. Like all the rest, the admi-

* The Exchange.

rality too is quite metamorphosed: as rebuilt by Zakharov, it has become a most elegant structure, and forms a conspicuous ornament to this part of the city. Some fastidious critics, it is true, object to the old tower spire being retained, which, according to them, is quite out of keeping with the modern colonnades; at any rate the colonnades themselves and the new wings must be allowed to be exceedingly beautiful. Around the building there is now formed a boulevard, planted with linden trees, which afford an agreeable shade. From this delightful promenade, the eye can take in all that St. Petersburg offers of the most beautiful and magnificent: the Neva, the winter Palace, the magnificent crescent of the Dvorzove, Plotshad, the Newsky prospect; the square of St. Isaac, the Imperial Riding-house, in which Quérenghi has emulated the grandeur of the Parthenon, the Senate, the colossal statue of Peter the Great, and again the Neva and its stately quays.

As I wished to rest myself a little, we sat down on one of the benches on the boulevard. The area before us was covered with equipages; the boulevard itself thronged with pedestrians. While we were amusing ourselves with looking at the latter, an elderly man, with the air of an invalid, came and seated himself beside me. Although his features were not unknown to me, time had obliterated his name from my memory, and I endeavoured in vain to recollect it, until on my known *unknown* looking at me rather steadfastly, I recognized in him my former acquaintance Starozhilov. "How much you are altered" exclaimed we both at the same instant; "how much, too, every thing is altered, since I last met you here," added he, with a sigh that caused his wrinkled face to look more wrinkled than before. Passing over our reciprocal questions and remarks, which you may easily divine, I will not detain you by repeating them, but only say that when he understood we were going to the academy, he looked at his watch, and observed, "it is yet early, and it will be time enough for me to be at the club at three o'clock, where I have to taste some fresh wine they have got, and also to give my opinion relative to a very important regulation, which has occupied my thoughts the whole morning. I think that a walk will also do me good, for the sun is as warm to day as if it were summer; so if you have no objection, I will accompany you to the academy,—not, however, out of curiosity, since we shall find nothing worth attention there—I have for a long time been heartily tired of all our artists of whatever description—yet one must do something by way of killing time.

(To be continued.)

A SCRAP ABOUT RUBENS, VANDYKE AND INIGO JONES.

In a work recently published, called "The History and Antiquities of the castle and town of Arundel, including a biography of the earls from the conquest to the present time," by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F. S. A. are two letters, highly interesting, as belonging to the history of Rubens, Vandyke and Inigo Jones. The earl of Arundel, the great favorite of James I., from whose name the Arundelian collections of marbles at Oxford, and M.S.S. in the British Museum are taken, was a great lover of the Arts and literature, and held an extensive correspondence with persons connected with both branches of learning. The following letter from Inigo Jones is not a little curious as illustrative of the manners of the time; but serves also to give us some information relative to his character, and office of an architect, and one of the commissioners for buildings. From the latter paragraph of the letter, the date of the building of the Banqueting hall, is positively defined, as he says:—"The Banqueting house goeth on now well, though the going of the masons have byne a great henderence to it," the following is the letter:—

"TO THE EARLE OF ARUNDELL.
"Right Hon^{ble} " In my journey to London, I went to Hā : Courte, wher I hearde that the Spanish imbassador cam to Kington, and sent his stewarde to Hā : Courte, who looked on the loginges intended for the imbassador, w^{ch} weare in Mr. Hugines his roomes, but the stewarde utterly dislyked thos rooms, sainge that the imbassador wold not lye but in the howse : besides, ther was no furnitur in thos roomes, of bedding or otherwyse, neither for the imbassador or his followers : so the stewarde retorning to his lorde, he resolved only to hunt in the parke, and so retorne : But the keeper answered he might not suffer that, he having received no order for it ; so the imbassador went bake discontented, having had sum smart sporte in the warrine. But since, my lo. of Nottinghā, hering of this, sent to the imbassador to excuse the matter, w^{ch} the imbassador tooke very well, and promised to cō, and lie at Hā : Courte before his ma^{ties} retorne ; but, in my opinion, the fault was chiefly in the imbassador, in not sending a day or two before, to see how he was provided for, and give notice what would please him.

"Wee have satt on the cōm^{is}sion for buildinges, on Monday last to put in mynd thos who ar bound by recognisance, or otherwyse, to conformance.

"The plan of all the incroachments about Paulen is fully finished. I heear that the masons do begin to make up that part of the east end w^{ch} they have demolished, not well, but with uneven courses of stone. I am now going to the m^r of the wards, to tell of itt.

"Mr. William was verry merry at his departure, and the bishope and he ar the greatest friends that may be.

"After my departure frō London, many of the masons went awaye w^{thout} leave, but since, some of the ar returned, and, for the rest, yf your lord do shewe sum exemplary punishment, causing the to be sent up as malyfactors, it will detter the rest frō ever doing the lyke.

"The Banqueting-house goith on now well, though the going of the masons awaye have byne a great henderence to it.

"Thus, with my humbell dutye, I rest

"Your Honurs ever to be commanded,
"y^e 17 of August, 1620.

"Inigo Jones."
"To the Right Ho^{ble} the Earle of Arundell and Surre, of
His Ma^{ty} most ho^{ble} Privi Councell."

The next letter is highly interesting. It illustrates both the polish of Rubens' manners, and the warmth and fervor of his heart and feelings towards a nobleman, whom he considered "in the light of an Evangelist to the world of Art, and the great supporter of our profession." This is a further proof, if indeed proof were wanting, how immeasurably superior and more lasting is the reputation derived from a firm and steady patronage of the Arts and literature, than any applause gained for the ridiculous show and buffoonery of fashionable life. Doubtless, there were many in the days of this good earl of Arundel, who, like some of the present time, are distinguished for wearing the finest of linen, for possessing the finest horses and coaches, the most numerous retinue of lackeys, and so forth. But where now is their reputation? Short-lived as their own ephemeral existence!

In John Burnet's treatise on "Colouring and Painting," is a bold etching and transcript of the very painting referred to in the following letter—

"17 July, 1620, N. S.

"Most illustrious Lord, and revered Patron,

"Immediately on my arrival in this city, I presented your lordship's letter to Signor Rubens, the painter, who received and perused it with evident marks of satisfaction. I give you his reply—'Although,' said he, 'I have refused to execute the portraits of many princes and noblemen, especially of his lordship's rank, yet, from the earl I am bound to receive the honor which he does me in command-

ing my services; regarding him, as I do, in the light of an Evangelist to the world of Art, and the great supporter of our profession; and, with other similar expressions of courtesy, he proceeded to make arrangements for her ladyship's sitting to him, on the following morning. He has already sketched her likeness, with Robin the dwarf, the fool, and the dog. The sketch, however, still requires some trifling additions, which he will make to-morrow; and, on the following day, her ladyship starts, with the intention of sleeping at Brussels. It so happened, that, when Rubens began his work, he was unable to lay his hand on a piece of canvass sufficiently large for his purpose. Having drawn the heads, therefore, as they should be, he sketched the postures and draperies of the figures on paper, and finished a separate drawing of the dog: but he has ordered a canvass, of the proper size, to be prepared, and will himself copy what he has done, and send the copy, with the original sketches, to your lordship. He assures the countess that he will paint no person, unless by your lordship's recommendation.

"Vandyck lives with Rubens; and his works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master.* He is a young man of one-and-twenty; his parents are persons of considerable property in this city; and it will be difficult, therefore, to induce him to remove,—especially as he must perceive the rapid fortune which Rubens is amassing."

PRO ET CON.

WE are all generally greatly pleased with the idea of zeal: let it be devoted to any object, and from *prima facie* evidence we are tempted to laud it as a species of honesty. Yet, in the abstract view of this quality we discover it to be a mere natural heat propelling the offspring of the brain, and, on a more enlarged view, we find that the best intentioned zeal is as likely as profound malignity to give a partial colouring to any object it may have to espouse or to condemn. It is, therefore, evident that zeal is not of an age to be allowed to walk alone. Circumspection is its best nurse, knowledge its fitting tutor.

As arguments often lose much from want of illustration, we cannot do better than bring forward our proofs of the ambi-dextrous nature of thorough-paced zeal: we, therefore, lay before our candid readers

* Hence it appears, that all the accounts which date Vandyck's separation from Rubens, and his journey to Italy, in 1619, are wrong.

two choice specimens of this warm-hearted parent of absurdities, without venturing a comment of our own.

R. A.

"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."—(*To the Scribe.*)

"By being seldom seen, I could not stir;
But, like a comet, I was wondered at."—(*To the Subject.*)

"Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds."—(*To the Body.*)

THE R. A., or Royal Academician, is a *rara avis* in Art; only forty having as yet been discovered, owing to the proverbial secrecy of the species in all relating to its internal economy. I am far from wishing to arrogate to myself the merit of a more difficult or more dangerous undertaking than falls to the lot of most historians; but when I recollect the histories of the Goths and Vandals, the Lestrignons, the Cyclops, and the Anthropophagi, I cannot but feel, notwithstanding the diffidence attendant on a novel attempt, a gleam of satisfaction in having to delineate a being worthy of a place, by the side of even those famed creations of poetic minds.

It would not be a matter of great difficulty to prove that the subject of the present essay unites the varied attributes of all these champions of imagination. If the Goths and Vandals poured forth their barbarous hordes upon the genial south, does not a Royal Academician elect quit the frigid gloom of an untitled studio for the glowing realms of Academus, where the sunshine of favor beams on collective intelligence? Does he not rush from the dreary north of disappointment and neglect to the ardent south of tickled ambition? If the Lestrignons and Anthropophagi were giants, and delighted in human sacrifices, it is allowed by all that the stature of an Academician is so lofty, that his head is considerably elevated above the cowering visages of his former associates, and that he is guilty of a human sacrifice each time that he undertakes a sitter. If the Cyclops were one-eyed, it is supposed by all charitable people that the Academicians are equally unfortunate; it being clearly proved by the one-sidedness of their acts, that they cannot see half so much as their two-eyed neighbours. Resembling, then, the choicest flowers of history—uniting their varied qualifications in an imposing whole, the task of conveying to posterity the recollection of such an unique collection of bipeds, is one of infinite importance. Would that it had devolved upon an abler and less partial pen:

It may be necessary, perhaps, to allude to the supposed origin of

the auspicious initials—R. A., not only to announce my dissent from the calumny implied, but to stigmatize it as an envious and insidious derivation. It is alleged, (but little dependence can be placed on allegators) that the two letters signified originally Regular or Respectable Artist; but that, in the course of time, as that title became forfeited by a variety of pictorial offences, it was deemed prudent to pass it currently with the world, and that the King's name, which is a tower of strength, was affixed to the members' cognomens, and that, although they were not able to purchase the Royal Livery, they were to be considered as a portion of the Regal Household. Without lending myself to this malignant hypothesis, I will define an Academician to be "a man who paints by rule, and is admired by law," although it is but too apparent that many of them paint against all rule, and are to be estimated by no law—save the law of libel. They enjoy the benefit of these "letters patent," which authorize them to charge far more for their works than when they were low in the world, and painted—better. They are supposed to bear a considerable resemblance to landlords, being scrupulous in requiring that their "title deeds" shall not be called for.

The personal appearance of the genus is, perhaps, far from improving, but it must be recollected, that a would-be Academician's *canvass* is unfavorable to the developement of physical beauty, or moral worth, while the vanity engendered, by having reached the *line*, is more fatal to expression than the panic traced in the countenances of those who cross it in better company. Far be it from me, however, to assert that the Academicians are not, as a body, the most prepossessing set of men to be found in the whole—Academy. It would necessarily be imagined, that from a contemplation of the refined beauties of Greece, they should imbibe an air of classicality, and that their manners and appearance should present an epitome of their aspiring studies. Who could fail to expect, in one, the majesty of the Apollo; in another, the vigour of Hercules; and in a third, the severe integrity of Trajan. A survey of the forty aristocrats of Art, with their attendant satellites, will prove how far these expectations would be realized. As it often happens that the artist in embryo requires to be taught to perceive the beauty of the antique, so should he be taught to invest his superiors with qualities, which he may not trace in them at first sight. In the Royal Academy it is peculiarly prudent and well-behaved to believe that all is gold that glitters; that the sun moves round the Royal Academy and the earth, that the failings of the student are sunk in the rising virtues of the associate, and that

the halo of the Academician,—unlike the propriety of Raphael's halos on Saints' heads, is unquestionable, and to believe that he is—

“Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.”

as well as to encourage a religious abhorrence of men so impious as to wish, on contemplating a Temple of *varied Arts*, to

“Expunge the whole or lop th' excrescent parts.”

However as a man is to be known by the nature of his occupation and his manner of getting through his work, let us examine the duties of these peers of Art. On being admitted into the Academy by pure election (for, although it is whispered that a member was once chosen for his talents, the calumny is too apparent) it is expected that an R. A. elect should make a present of a picture, generally understood to be one remaining on his hands, which after being touched up by some kind friend is deposited in some carefully chosen nook, never to be seen or heard of more; lest he should prove by his increasing inferiority, while yet only an Associate, that he has a presumptive right to the title of R. A. before a vacancy may chance to occur in that more elevated station.

One of the numerous avocations of an R. A. is to take his turn (as well as those of others) as visitor in the Life Academy, where, though he may not

“In teaching others teach himself to paint”

yet, with a humility as beautiful as it is rare, he is content to gain more by seeing others paint than he could possibly earn by painting himself. At the Lectures he is expected not only to keep awake (and to their credit be it spoken, it is only the Academicians who can) but to pretend, by an assumed complacency, that he has nothing to learn, and that he merely sits there to give due *weight*, (thus accounting for the evil) to the lecturer's manner and matter. In the Painting school he has to impart to the tyro all those mighty secrets which lend such a charm to his own works; to wean him from a style that is only natural and simple, to thrust him into one which may qualify him for academic honors. The council, with a discernment palpable on no occasion—in a greater degree, finding that twelve visitors in the year taught, or pretended to teach, twelve different modes of becoming an Academician, resolved to stem the torrent which was about to swamp them, (even as the Lords did when the chaptic creation was threat-

ened) and decided that in future no member of that corporation should teach any thing, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, such is the inviolable faith maintained by that body, that no information of any sort has ever since been gleaned from an R. A.

But it is chiefly at the council table that this renowned personage shines in preternatural lustre. Entrusted with the artistic destinies of a mighty nation, and deeply imbued with the soundest principles of Art, he decides on works submitted to his notice under the overpowering influence of genuine—Souchong and Mocha, valuing a painting or drawing for a peculiar softness suitable to his own mind. To insure impartiality and to avoid the clashing of interests, landscape and cattle painters are appointed to decide on historical productions, whilst portrait painters are constituted judges of architecture and sculpture. For the architects (provided they have received a college education and possess an attractive carriage) is reserved the honor of making designs for all the Royal Academies, and National Galleries, that are or are not to be. It is, however, believed by some few, that riches are a decided bar to a man's progress in the Academy, and that let him but advance the claims of talent, integrity of purpose, and creditable poverty, and he becomes the hero of academic tales, the pride of academic dinners.

But the chief duty of Academicians, the one, indeed, in the performance of which their diplomatic zeal is most interested, is the painful duty of opposing, in full council, the waste of their own private funds (obtained, like a bailiff's purpose, in the King's name) for the entertainment (Qy.) of their own private patrons. How little do the thoughtless imagine that bursts of eloquence worthy of Burke and Sheridan are perpetually resounding within the patriotic walls of Somerset House, demanding the annihilation of the Hydra of corruption and the undivided consideration of the dignity of the profession. Few people imagine such to be the case! Few, alas! give the Royal Academicians credit for good intentions!

But, to sum up the character of an Academician in a few words, and to enumerate in those few words the many points in his favor, it is necessary to assert that by naturalists he is considered so far unique, that neither he nor his works have any counterpart "in heaven above or in the earth beneath." He is one of forty who do unto others as they would be done by, who vote by proxy, and know what may be done out of the Academy, and what may be undone within it, who hang all, whatever may be their deserts, and yet foster those who disgrace the line, who are models of saintly patience,

having nothing to say to all the flimsy and puerile attacks of men—who do not dine with them, who meet a charge of incapacity and, by way of proof point to their own works, and who are blessed with simple minds and simple wants—thinking of themselves alone, and desiring but individual patronage. They have never been reproached, as is the case with other institutions, with expelling a member of commanding talent for daring to tell the truth, Barry to wit; to slight another of first-rate powers for zealous innovations which he could not resist for the *Life* of him: never have they rejected works sent for exhibition because they were by artists who could write for the many and not for the few: never has the Exhibition suffered from a laughable yet flagrant but, a truce, my paper would fail with my reader's patience, were I to attempt, in my character of apologist for greatness, to enumerate in the grateful language of glowing eulogy, all that the Members of the Royal Academy have disinterestedly—left undone.

“ ————— That very voice

Which thunders terror through the guilty heart

With tongue of seraph whispers peace to shine

'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus

To clasp perfection.”

Thomson (not the R. A.)

THE ANTI-ACADEMIC MANIA.

“ ————— Let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,

Whom now despairing agonies destroy,

Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,

What treasures centre, what delights in thee!”

Cooper.

EVEN as it is said of a person, who has some offence attributed to him, although he may chance to be exceedingly innocent, “Ah! well, his back is broad enough to bear it,” so it is to be presumed that the little band of anti-academic warriors consoles its magnanimous phalanx with the prospect of “breadth of effect” in the Academic dorsals. And, verily, they had need be of some substance; for, from the ponderous battle-axes of XXX and XXX, through the several ranks of small fire-arms, down to the very small and very shrill penny trumpet of the thousand-headed Anonymous, they have run the gauntlet of all that abuse has of virulent, and all that satire has of keen. I repeat that the Academic back had need be broad, to allow of the worse than Roxburgh revels which take place on that venerable

spot, to the infinite delight of little conceited gentlemen, (little is here used in the moral sense,) who are in the habit, like the Greeks and Romans, of allowing individual wants to proclaim general desires. Now, it may be as well to avow that these individual wants are in general as simple as the individuals themselves, and that they may be summed up as follows:—Want of all the patronage that is or is to be bestowed—want of seats in the Academy for themselves and toadeys, together with another want, not openly proclaimed, save by deeds, which is—the want of talent.

The belief in the iniquity of rulers seems to have suffered no diminution since the earliest days when privileged barbarity, yclept authority, was wont to ride upon a thunder-cloud and to shower down pains and penalties as so many boons to its dungeon-threatened slaves. The modification of circumstances which has changed the naked unblushing tyrant into a place-hunting and place-loving ruler, seems to have effected no change in the determined dislike of all clad in the garb of command. Now, I take it for granted that even the Royal Academy requires some sort of discipline, and that having appointed unto itself sundry lords and masters for the time being, those lords and masters are viewed with the unflinching spirit of hostility, to which I have just alluded, as being the heir-loom of men, who, to the sorrow of the reasoning few, paint much and write more. The thing perhaps is natural. Authority is the tooth by which we bite; and no one, as it appears, likes to find what he conceives to be his own teeth in the head of another. Every thing in the end appears natural,—it is natural to strike a man if he offend,—but the action for assault and battery is not at all commensurate with the pleasure of knocking down an insulting adversary. Now, the magnanimous silence of the Academy is the heaviest club it can use. It proves clearly a case “don’t hear,” or “don’t care,”—neither flattering cases to anxious assailants, who long to find a flaw in the indictment, or a hole in the sack of meal, by which to commence the wholesome repast, the prospect of which has stimulated their lamp-smelling labours. Poor animals, they are very small but very ravenous withal.

If, in my exordium, I proclaim ignorance and envy, with a spice of wilfulness, to be the causes of Academic abuse, what, in the name of rhetoric, am I to do for a peroration? Let me not think of it, lest my readers should imagine I had reached so desirable a consummation.

The number of the Academicians and Associates is one of the chief

objections advanced by the untitled limners: now, the objection, although it may partly be reducible to arithmetic, is yet more referable to taste. The said number was proclaimed as the maximum on the foundation of the Academy, when the Arts were in an infant state; and it is now advanced as an egregious piece of antiquated apathy, that the number deemed sufficient to represent the infant state of the Arts, should be equally calculated to convey a fitting idea of its manhood. This is all a matter of taste, for, on referring the matter to any delicate arbiter, I am inclined to consider that the infancy of English Art sent too many members to the artistic parliament, and that *even* in the present day, when manhood is hinted at, (heaven save the mark!) the number of fitting delegates may be just eked out by the numerals XL. and XX. I firmly believe that less would be more just, but that if more were insisted on, there are doubtless numerous respectable sign-painters among the advocates of reform, who might fill the appointed niches in the Temple of Art.

Let any impartial person glance over the names of the artists on the Academic list, and then let him listen to his unfettered conscience, which would indubitably proclaim the result as presenting the *élite* of the pencil. Let him look at the walls of Somerset House, and let his dis-abused eyes glean a tale "of line correct and beauteous hue."

Now, it is not to be expected that the jaundiced and the disappointed should sing to Io peans at their own distress, or chuckle at the want of discernment evinced in their non-election, for,

How to smile, to stem the tide

Of Nature in our veins;

Is it not hard to weep in joy,

What then to smile in pains!

But it might at any rate be expected that chilling contempt would do its work, and finish that remarkably insignificant thread of life which was already within one mile-stone of that decay which hovers around the perpetrator of unsaleable pictures. Gentle reader, (if you be not already roused by the absurdity of the motley crew,) there pervades all ranks of society and all classes of occupations, a certain dogmatism of spirit, the eldest born of effrontery and ignorance, which in its turn engenders what is termed mob-oratory, which is in reality the large mouth-piece of a small brain. This said mob-oratory, if we may believe history, (and it is all gospel for certain,) was somewhat common in days of yore, "when Greek met Greek," and when the

fierce Romans made Rome (qy. room) every where; and it appears also from the tales of their dead men, that it was admirably calculated to make mischief where none before existed, or to render the existing mischief still more mischievous. It was the sort of eloquence which was voluminous with universal wrongs, conspicuous in the orator's speech alone, redolent with the groans and tears of despot-ridden nations, which enjoyed every thing but burly-headed license, and which readily kindled those adverse particles which the Father of Sin had considerably left to the agitation of patriots.

I will not attempt to define the creature, for, as yet, naturalists are not quite agreed as to its prevailing characteristic, some considering malignity the predominant hue, others again having detected so much ignorance and stupidity, as to render any one conclusion of evil not only a want of respect for science, but an injustice to the only tangible qualities the creature may be said to possess. Some are represented as gross and bullying, others as subtle and consumptive, but it may safely be affirmed, that the possessor of mob-oratory is not distinguished from his fellows, on the more rational side of the question, by any personal qualification. I have known an Irish mob-orator, fat and burly-headed, with a crab-face, tortured into a ludicrous smile. I have known a Scotch economist, tall and thin, with a Malthusian-complying face; and I have known an English political mountebank, as small as a lawyer's conscience, as pale as a melodramatic author, and as mean as an overworked donkey. So that the disguises of the thing are as various as its mishaps.

Now it seems rather hard, that so noble a pursuit as that presented by the refined Arts, should be exposed to the fangs of the envious and the venom of the impotent. It appears, however, that, on the principle of attraction presented to sundry ragamuffin urchins by the sweets of a confectioner's shop, the sweets, no less attractive, presented by the Royal Academy, have a magnetic influence with urchins of a larger growth, but gifted with similar desires, who hover round the Academy with pointed tooth and watering tongue, ready to snap up, all for the good of their country, the crumbs that may fall from the great table.

Apropos of crumbs, reminds me of another plea advanced by the croakers, one that will astonish citizens especially; they actually complain of so rational a thing as an annual dinner. To be sure, many of the unhappy crew do not know what dinner means. But to be serious, for it is no joke either way—a dinner or no dinner, will any man in his senses pretend to tell me, that what brings the higher pro-

fessors of the Fine Arts into contact with the noble, the rich, and the talented, does not ultimately produce a vibration in the minor social nerves, and that whilst the seeds of future respect and patronage are being sown, the eyes of the least are not as much interested in their developement as those of the greatest. Now, if I am to argue upon the rationality of a dinner, or upon the want of dignified demeanour evinced by a nation which must dine before it is religious or charitable, I at once quit the field; but, basing my argument on the firm foundation of existing human appetite and enjoyment, I proceed fearlessly to assert, that since the dinner is the essential thing—the artistic impetus—the father of all virtù and mother of all patronage, by carping at the means, the end is carped at, and patronage and virtù vanish in the earthquake of patriot indignation which swamps the Academic dinner. But the funds of the Academy pay for it, mutter they of the jaundiced mien as if it were from their own funds. Not so fast my men, a little word might be whispered about guinea tickets, were it desirable to enlighten your ignorance, or neutralize your venom. And then again, it is an irresponsible body!—Verily! make it responsible to the Premier or some government council—the fingers of forty fellow-artists are as wholesome when thrust into the pie as the alien digits of a first Lord of the Treasury or the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What is public opinion my friends?—Oh! every thing!—Well then, my Daniels, the Royal Academy is always amenable to public opinion—to your *every thing* tribunal. We all know that is responsible enough.

And now I come to that part of the Academic armour, which most effectually resists the attacks of the motley crew, namely, the talent possessed by the members of that respectable body. How is it, if so much talent be allowed to pine *untitled*, that some surprising display of “rejected addresses,” has never yet cheered the vision of an even-dealing public. The British Gallery and the Suffolk Gallery are *somewhat* indebted to the members of the Academy for their finest pictures, and are to be viewed as “chapels of ease” to the unwieldy Somerset, rather than as rival institutions. Where then is the formidable phalanx, destined to dim the lustre of the orb of Art? Where the men who can form an Academy of such commanding aspect, putting aside royal patronage and aristocratic favor? They are not to be found! There are a few twinkling stars which may in time be ranked as constellations, but as for a counter-battery, there lacks the metal wherewith to cast the guns. Corruption, forsooth! it is a cant phrase, invented by a lackey out of place to hide the true cause of

his disgrace, and like the venerable stories of Old Bogey and the Schwarz-reiter, may do very well for the amusement of elderly ladies and crawling children. But your man is a being of other stuff—he knows that dead men's bones don't rattle, and that living men's flesh sometimes quakes with fear and envy. An anti-academic is then, a person dealing in great cries but little wool; who blusters on the king's highway on a tremendous hobby, but lacks the wherewith to pay the toll. He is far too large to be passed without a kick, yet infinitely too small to creep through a crevice of the Elysian portal, and knowing, to his fierce regret, that there are grapes in the strong-hold of the Royal Academy, he consoles himself in appearance by swearing that they are uncommonly sour. Poor thing!

Leigh

THE LATE JOHN RALSTON, Esq.

Mr. R. although cut off in the vigour of his powers, was, we believe, with only one exception, the oldest artist in Manchester, having commenced his professional career early in life under the auspices of the late F. D. Astley, Esq. of Dukinfield, who, being himself the son of a painter, and of no mean acquirements, was enabled to trace, in the rude attempts of the unassuming boy, the budding power of Linnaeus which ripened to so great maturity. Of his earliest studies we have no account, but we do know that one of the means by which he rose to the uncommon excellence he was allowed to possess, was a close and accurate imitation of nature in all her varied forms: he not only pictured upon his mind the trees of the forest, and the flowers of the valley, the crags of the rock, and the ever-changing clouds, but he fixed them in living and imperishable colours on his own canvass—his delight in contemplating the beautiful effects of storm or sunshine was unbounded, and he drew and painted from nature with unabated enthusiasm until within a few days of his decease; indeed, when entirely confined to his bed, "the ruling passion, strong even in death," still swayed him, and it gave him pleasure to converse on subjects of Art with those of his professional brethren who hastened to cheer in his sickness one whom they admired for his genius, and loved for the plain, manly, simplicity of his character.—A more grateful man perhaps never existed; he never forgot a favor; and often have we heard him, with his peculiar strength and feeling, express his sense of obligation for those little kindnesses and attentions which are usually suffered to pass without observation, as the every day offices of "gen-

the humanity." But we are suffering our own feelings to carry us away, forgetting in our admiration of the man, that our object is also to delineate his character as an artist. To attempt, however, a complete description of his peculiar style in our limited space would be useless—suffice it to say, that it is distinguished by a broad, simple, and unaffected representation of nature, wanting, it may be allowed, some of those graces of handling and fascinations of colour, for which some painters in his own department have been celebrated, but generally compensating by truth and simplicity for any such defect. We may however state that his last works shew an increase of beauty in handling, colour, and finish, without in any degree impairing their power and truth to nature. The merely pretty and ornamental he despised, he looked for *mind*, and grappled with a giant's strength with the real difficulties of Art,—he dived deep, and not merely *skimmed the surface*; hence, to superficial observers, his works seemed rude and tasteless. Those, however, who really understood and valued excellence in Art, at once acknowledged the hand of a master, and the powerful impress of truth. Perhaps the strongest proof of this may be found in the high estimation always evinced by his brother artists, those best calculated by previous study to appreciate his abilities and the extent of his acquirements. Of numerous pictures and sketches left behind him, many are distinguished by his peculiar strength of character and breadth of effect, and offer to the man of liberality, taste, and discernment, an opportunity such as seldom occurs, of at once securing original specimens of high talent, and assisting the wife and child of departed genius.—If it be asked, why Mr. Ralston with all his talent and industry failed to become popular? our answer is—(in conjunction with the causes before glanced at) that he was a shy, sensitive, retiring man; he obtruded not his claims on public attention, he suffered in quiet, and at last sunk under the benumbing influence of continued neglect,—he is, however, gone to his rest, and it would be useless to enlarge on the causes which embittered his declining days. Truth and justice, however, demand it should be told, that his end was accelerated by public neglect—his disease was organic, being ossification of the heart—and it is worthy of remark that Sir Thomas Lawrence died of the same malady, produced also by anxiety, arising, it is true, from a different cause, but producing, alas! the same awful effect.—Mr. R's acquirements as a musician were very considerable. He gave for upwards of 20 years his valuable and gratuitous assistance to the Manchester Concerts; and his collection of music, which must now be brought to the hammer, is

both extensive and well selected.—Here must we close this very inadequate notice of a gifted and honorable man. Peace be to his manes! On his tomb it might with propriety be inscribed—

"UT SAPE SUMMA INGENIA IN OCCURTO PATENT."

LEAVES FROM MY POCKET-BOOK.—SECOND SERIES. No. I.

"Je dors par nuit, je rêve par jour."

The New Palace.—Most unfortunate and provoking is it, that, at a time when so many noble and palace-like structures have been erected in other parts of the metropolis; the one actually destined for the residence of the sovereign has turned out such an egregious architectural failure—a compound of littleness, insignificances, and hackneyed common-places; with many of the vices and solecisms of the Italian style, without any of that imposing grandeur and stateliness which marks some of its productions. If, indeed, it was the architect's aim to show how a building of this extent, and with the same quantity of decoration, might be put together so as to ensure the least possible effect, and so as to leave out all the character of the orders employed by him; then he must be allowed to have been pre-eminently successful. The first glance convinces us, that, although a brave contempt of economy has been displayed,—for what with pulling down and patching up, and alteration after alteration, the building must have cost half as much again as it otherwise would have done,—the first glance shows that *cheapness* has been studied, for, instead of granite and Portland stone, a material of very inferior quality has been used; such, in fact, as looks little better than Roman cement. By way of apology for this stinginess, we have a pretty little repetition, in marble, of one of the triumphal arches at Rome, as inferior in design and in real grandeur to Decimus Burton's arch, at the corner of Grosvenor Place, as can well be imagined. Had the seventy thousand pounds expended on this toy been flung into the opposite canal, the money would have been just as well disposed of—so far as taste is concerned. It only produces a glaring spot which *kills* the building behind it, and causes it, by a most injudicious contrast, to appear more dingy and shabby than it otherwise would. To be sure, it serves in some degree to shut out from view the poor little portico, which is skulking between the two projecting wings, and which now looks more insignificant than ever, since Mr. Blore has backed it by a podium, that prevents the pediment from showing its outline against the sky. The columns

themselves are so petty, and all the rest of the design so unlike any thing approaching to Grecian architecture, that the solecism of placing them in pairs beneath the pediment is less offensive than it would be if it constituted the only imperfection. Even in this respect, consistency has not been attended to, for the porticoes to the wings have only single columns, although they are so narrow, and have such an air of weakness, that putting consistency out of the question, they would have been improved, perhaps, by an additional column at each angle. In fact, the wings are such narrow strips of building as to give the idea of their being very much squeezed up within, with hardly space for passage between the rooms, unless the latter be made closets, or else thoroughfares. It is true, they may be for very subordinate purposes; still, in a building of this description, an idea of grandeur should have attended every part,—here it is ingeniously avoided altogether. Akin to the economy shown in squandering upon a marble arch—which it would have been quite time enough to think of, when all the rest had been completed—a sum exceeding that allowed for the National Gallery, is that of enriching the frieze of the south side of the palace, for the gratification of the occupiers of the garrets in the paltry houses opposite. Such has turned out to be the edifice, which, some few years back, the newspapers informed us, was to be a magnificent pile in the chastest Grecian taste, and in the most finished style of architecture! And this, too, has often happened at a time when the petty sovereigns of Germany—some of whose capitals are not equal in size to the parish of Marylebone—are rearing truly palatial edifices, whose magnificent halls are to be decorated with various series of frescoes. One is almost tempted to say, that the Arts flourish best either in a Republic or a Despotic monarchy.

Hidden Treasure.—Who would think of looking for some of the fullest and best descriptions of English mansions, collections of paintings, gardens, &c., in an agricultural work?—or for some of the most animated and profound dissertations on Art in a lubricious romance; or, as Allan Cunningham would mincingly phrase it, one that has “a colouring of licentiousness!” not, indeed, quite so beastly as the production he speaks of, yet containing scenes and situations, in which but too many would revel. Or, again, who would think of hunting out vigorous pieces of criticism on the great masters—criticism as powerful in its severity as it is enthusiastic in its admiration, in volumes abounding with deep political reflections? Yet, so it is; Arthur Young, Heinse, and George Forster, have, after this fashion, buried such matter, from likelihood of its meeting the eye of

the very class of readers, for whom it seems expressly intended; and whom it would especially interest. With regard to Young, it is indeed singular, that those parts of his volumes—and they form no inconsiderable portion of the whole—which relate to the Fine Arts and amateurship, should never have been transplanted from amidst his farming precepts, separated from turnips and buckwheat, and printed in a separate and portable form. They might serve as an excellent basis for a more extended work.

Leitch Ritchie.—This popular writer is the founder of a new school—at least the originator of a novel and ingenious mode of treating antiquarian subjects, in which he has most successfully adopted the principle of “the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.” A fine building, or any other work of Art or antiquity, never reduces him into the fault of prosing about its merits; rather does he fly away from the temptation altogether, and begin to descant upon—girls’ ankles. Even Orleans Cathedral could elicit from him no more than the common Guide Book remark, that it is one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in France. Yet does Mr. Leitch Ritchie profess to have made tours “expressly” for the purpose of writing descriptions. This avowal must lessen our opinion of his ingenuity; for a mere clever hack would contrive to produce far better ones, without stirring from his fire-side—at any rate no further than to the British Museum. People have begun to discover as much; and, accordingly, Leitch has been a little lectured upon the subject, in a recent number of a periodical work.

Allan Cunningham.—Alaric Watts is no reader of the Magazine of the Fine Arts; otherwise it is most likely he would have made an exception in its favor, when he commented upon the tenderness showed to Allan by the critics. There were no symptoms of undue favor or partiality manifested, in the review there given of his *Lives of the English Architects*—a book, all the other journals were so eager to praise, that none of them allowed themselves time to examine it. Allan, however, has just received a dry-rubbing from Fraser that may do him some good. Among other oversights he has committed, his anathema on Crabbe, must be allowed to have been particularly ill-timed, for the new edition of the poet’s works, published by Murray, will infallibly be attended, month after month, with a flourish of trumpets from the whole press; notwithstanding, that, according to the critic, Crabbe “*dips his pencil in the lake of darkness, and paints merry Old England as a vagrant and a strumpet!*”

Sir Fungus Sicán.—No better subject, either for a glowing pane-

gyric; or a bitter satire, than Sir Fungus. His prodigal money-giving on public occasions affords plausible matter for the first: his sordid stinginess, his tyrannical caprices, his ingenuity in tormenting, present still more copious materials for the last. Alike impartial to his flatterers and his detractors, he furnishes both with what suits their respective purposes,—with what seems to justify all the encomiums of the one, and all the severity of the others. It is not easy to decide which scale of his conduct preponderates—whether his munificence or his meanness—his humility or his insolence—his easiness of access one day, or his chilling and uncivil repulsiveness another. When, however, they come to be analyzed, then strange contradictions will be found, more apparent than real: his liberality being prompted by ostentation, his illiberality indulged in from the hope of impunity—if not the actual assurance that it will never be credited, except by those who actually have felt it. But the time is approaching, when a fuller portrait of Sir Fungus will be given to the public than any sketch yet exhibited in his life time. Many and curious are the anecdotes that have been treasured up respecting this worthy; and rich, indeed, will be the banquet they must afford to all the lovers of scandal; and although excessive good nature, or the appearance of it, is come into fashion, that section of the public is quite as numerous as ever.

New Theatre at Mayence.—This elegant structure, which was opened last October, is by Moller, the architect of the Theatre at Darmstadt, and of the New Rotunda or Catholic Church in the same city. Its exterior is as remarkable for its propriety as for its novelty; the principal façade forming a semicircle, and thus corresponding with that portion of the interior allotted to the audience; and in this front are introduced three ranges of handsome arched windows. The whole is so judiciously planned, that, within, the house appears considerably larger than would be expected. The pit, which rises very much as it recedes from the stage, is surrounded by two tiers of boxes, whose seats form a similar slope. Those are without columns or other supports in front; but there is a colonnade above the wall at the back of them, between whose pillars are two galleries. These galleries, however, are directly facing the stage, so that the columns do not much obstruct the view; for where the curvature of the building would cause it to be in an oblique direction, the colonnade terminates, and is succeeded by pilasters against the solid wall. This, we think, is greatly preferable to a range of side slips, which are contrived for any thing, except seeing the performance on the stage, and

consequently present a very empty and forlorn appearance, except the house be unusually full. The disposition of the auditory here adopted by Moller, which seems to retain as much the form of an ancient theatre, as it is either derivable or practicable, has proved no less favorable in respect to sound, than as regards both facility of seeing, and the coup d'œil of the house itself. The style of decoration, too, is equally tasteful; it partakes greatly of the playful richness of embellishment and of the splendid colouring we observe in the ornamental painting at Pompeii.

Thorwaldsen.—The corvette "Galatea" arrived safely at Copenhagen, on the 20th September last, with numerous works, by this distinguished sculptor, intended for the *Trokirke* or Cathedral, of that capital, and the palace of Christianborg. Among them are—his sublime figure of the Redeemer, a marble statue of colossal dimensions, an Angel, Mars and Venus, a group, Mercury, and two statues of Ganymede, one in a kneeling, the other in a standing attitude; besides various bas-reliefs and busts, and numerous subjects modelled in plaster.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

Meetings have been held from time to time—the last on Saturday the 16th inst. to take into consideration the expediency of founding a college, for the reception of decayed artists and their families; nothing decisive, however, has, as yet, been determined on, and, in my humble opinion nothing should, until it can be clearly and satisfactorily defined what an artist is, or rather what he is to be deemed, with reference to the measure; as, upon this very material point, will depend the necessity that may exist for such a charity, and what accommodation in the event of its adoption, the proposed asylum should afford.

Nothing is easier than for a man to proclaim himself an artist, but it must not be upon his own *dictum* or even that of his partial relatives and friends, that his claim to such title, and a maintenance at the expense of the benevolent, are to be grounded. No! his pretensions must be tested by the severest laws, and as to deserve the designation selected for the edifice in question, it should in some way or other, be made to yield instruction. Why not, among other objects contemplated by its projectors, include a gallery for the exhibition of modern works of Art? Another gallery for the reception of such spe-

cimens of the old masters as might become the property of the institution by bequest or otherwise, should be added. In this way two exhibitions—one periodical, the other permanent—might be made to meet, in part, the expenditure of the establishment; and it should be by the aid contributed by living artists, that their claims to its benefits if needed at any time, should be estimated.

In saying thus much, however, I would by no means be understood to admit the policy or practicability of the plan; on the contrary, I am clearly of opinion that such a foundation is not only unnecessary, but that it would do more harm than good, and I will now proceed briefly to state the grounds upon which that opinion has been built: they are these:—

1st. That Art has no peculiar claims to the bounty of the public, and that to presume upon the sympathy of persons unconnected therewith would be childish and absurd.

2nd. That various funds are already available to the profession, either immediately or remotely, among which may be enumerated,

The Artist's Benevolent Fund—The Artist's General Benevolent Institution—The Royal Academy—The British Institution—The Society of British Artists—The Society of Painters in Water Colours and the new Society of Painters in Water Colours.

3rd. That repeated calls, in whatever shape they may be made, on the friends of Art have an injurious effect; inasmuch as the subscription of sums in charity tends to diminish the amount expended in purchases.

4th. That the efforts made to procure donations are calculated to excite disgust to the manifest injury of practising artists.

5th. That these charities all operate as an encouragement to individuals, qualified or not qualified, to engage in the profession, to contract improvident marriages, and as a check to exertion.

If, however, the project is to be persevered in, as seems from what transpired at the last meeting but too probable, let it at least be at the expense of the artists themselves, not at that of the public; as the independence of Art requires that such charities should emanate from themselves, and be under their own exclusive control. Many would doubtless subscribe as liberally as their circumstances might warrant, and in the event of any exhibition room being provided, contribute their very best productions in painting, sculpture, and engraving, towards its support. But, I repeat, the objects aimed at in the undertaking are anticipated by existing institutions, and that any further agitation of the matter is to be condemned as impossible and uncalled for.

SIMPLEX.

ON VARNISH.

SIR, I should feel obliged if any of your correspondents could give information respecting the nature of the vehicle or glazing used by the late Edridge in his water colour drawings. The Earl of Essex has some specimens of this late talented artist's productions, and they have quite the appearance of *pictures*; there is a transparency and depth of colouring about them, which is not produced by water colour draughts-men of the present day. I believe, unfortunately, he would not disclose what he considered to be his secret, and I fear it may have died with him. The Tyros of the modern water colour school are too apt to use gum-arabic, sugar-candy, a mixture of spirits of turpentine and gum, or white of egg, for the purpose of bringing out the depths and sharp touches; but these are too shining substances, and will not last. Moreover, where used in a drawing they appear as spots, and tend to destroy the harmony of the colouring. If a drawing is to be touched with gum, it may as well have a coat of gum or varnish given to the whole surface, and then, in my humble opinion, the purity of a water colour drawing is totally destroyed. The effect I could wish a drawing to assume, would be exactly that which is produced immediately after it is pasted upon a mount, provided the drawing be made on a single sheet of paper, during the dampness; the colours bear out equally, but without any shine, and this is the appearance water colour drawings ought to display when finished, but, unfortunately, as the paste dries, this happy effect vanishes. Now, Edridge's drawings maintain this freshness and power; I should mention, that when he framed his drawings he took care that the plate glass should not be brought flush against the paper, but should be placed a little back in the rabbet; whether this were to guard against warmth of temperature affecting any waxen substance employed, and so adhering to the glass were it placed close, I cannot pretend to decide. However, I do trust, Mr. Editor, you will be able to afford the water colourists some information on the above head. If you can give any recipe, I will readily make the experiment. I trust that the insertion of this letter in your useful Magazine may tend to excite the ingenuity of the artist or chemist,

AN AMATEUR.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

In a former Number we took an opportunity of pointing out the many flagrant examples of favoritism shown, and errors committed in the methods pursued of hanging, placing, arranging and procuring for exhibition the various works of Art at this Institution. If the remarks which we then made were true, as regarded the former exhibitions of Art at this Gallery; we shall find them apply with equal justice to the present one, for the observations we then made we might here reiterate.

In criticising the works of Art in this Gallery, we perceive that there is a difficult task placed before us, inasmuch as every possible precaution, which care and ingenuity could devise, is taken in the arrangement or hanging of the pictures, to destroy much of the relative merit and beauty which each may be found to possess. This statement can be easily substantiated by explaining the system upon which the hanging of works of Art in this exhibition is conducted. No one will for a single moment pretend to deny that painters themselves are the fittest persons to undertake such a task and office, for the very just and simple reason, that they would arrange the whole side of an exhibition-room upon the principle of *harmony* of tone and colour, and not according to the false and meretricious taste of frightful and glaring *opposition*. This harmony of which we have spoken, is similar in some respects to the composition of a picture—in order to its just production there should be in it a proper balance of light and darkness—a true and proper distribution of colour, to make the general appearance of the whole agreeable to the eye; and this general harmony of effect must reflect with great power over each individual picture, because, when *discord*, which frequently constitutes *opposition*, is brought into close contact, both must suffer. The most casual observer of any one side of either of the rooms of this Gallery, cannot fail immediately to remark that such a misapplied principle of arrangement as the one to which we have just alluded, is notoriously followed up at this Institution. Hence it is that so many glaring spots attract the eye on viewing the general *dis-order* and management of the whole. We deeply regret this, for the sake of those artists who are doomed to be the unfortunate sufferers under this state of sad mismanagement. We have reason to know that the shameful

treatment which many artists experienced, who sent their pictures to the last exhibition at this Gallery, and who relied on the good faith proffered to them, that new works of Art should be carefully provided for—has operated much towards robbing the Directors of this Institution of many works of Art, which would otherwise have been sent to the Gallery. Indeed, had they not gone about in the capacity of beggars, asking works of Art from those who were charitably disposed, they would have had but a sorry exhibition of *novelty*; and even with all their begging and praying, we would take leave, with all due submission and respect, simply to ask them, to whom are they indebted for their lion? Why, to a member of another institution, who, if he had maintained a proper feeling of respect towards himself, and a true desire to uphold the interest of the Society to which he belongs, would have bowed the waddling man out of his studio, who, with the kindest feelings of flattery towards the artist, came to see the picture, and, by artful inuendos and insinuations judiciously applied, inferred how much the Directors would be pleased by its being sent to the Gallery. We understand that Mr. ROBERTS has an exterior view of the Cathedral of Seville, in a finished state, and we may be allowed to express a hope that it will not be long reserved from public exhibition. Having made these few preliminary observations, we shall proceed to the examination of the works of Art separately, and, in doing this, we must remark, that it is neither our purpose nor aim to espouse the harsh side of criticism, but rather endeavour to draw and point out in strong light the different beauties which each picture may possess, and suffer the lower qualities to die away into shade.

No. 1.—RANGERS.—*Henry Wyatt*. We are not the only critics who consider Mr. Wyatt to be an artist of considerable promise—and this picture fully justifies us in the remark—it is we think one of the best of the kind in the gallery—the position of the female figure is easy, graceful and natural, the colouring of the flesh and dress clear and delicate, and no meretricious artifice has been resorted to in assisting the general effect of the whole.

No. 2.—INTERIOR OF A CATHEDRAL.—150. CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, AS DECORATED FOR THE FESTIVAL OF THE CORPUS CHRISTI.—*D. Roberts*. The first of these pictures is exceedingly beautiful, and has all that mellowed richness and depth of tone for which this artist's pictures are conspicuous—the second picture, the Lion of the Gallery, may be well reckoned as a stupendous monument to the artist's fame, and is certainly one of the very finest pic-

tures of the kind which this country has produced. The drawing, colouring and general arrangement of every part of the picture are truly excellent, and our great admiration of it has only two regrets mingled with it—the first is, that the figures introduced into the picture are not better than they are, and the second, that the picture hangs upon these walls.

No. 3.—A DUTCH FERRY.—*A. W. Callcott, R. A.* This is a fine picture—true to nature in all its details and very carefully finished—we must beg however to remark that the glaring red dress of the Dutch Ferry-woman is not in artistical harmony with the other points of the picture around.

No. 4.—A NAUGHTY CHILD.—*Edwin Landseer, R. A.* This is a clever picture—a simple piece of natural naughty childhood—the accessory parts are all well brought in to aid the general effect, and they are finished with great care—but the red angry face of the child has not the natural colour of flesh—in fact, in our opinion, we do not conceive Mr. Landseer to be a good colourist of flesh. His “Deer and Deer Hounds in a mountain forest” has been exhibited before and received its just meed and award of praise—we need not therefore speak of it here.

No. 5.—STUDY OF PLATE.—6. GREEK GIRL.—28. STUDY OF PLATE &c.—*G. Lance.* These “Studies” are as masterly as can be conceived, and will well repay an attentive examination—as works of Art they are exceedingly beautiful: we regret to see so meritorious an artist commence what must be to him the debasing line of portrait painting—can he imagine that his beautiful productions can ever tire? We hope he has no reason to apprehend it.

No. 15.—THE HIGH ALTAR OF ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY; HIGH MASS BEING CELEBRATED.—*J. A. Hart.* We have seen many pictures by this artist which we much prefer to this—the drawing is very stiff, and the general tone of the whole composition is cold.

No. 16.—CALAIS SANDS, MORNING.—*John Wilson.* There is to our minds a great charm in all the pictures of this artist—he goes to nature and makes Art subservient to her—he waits upon her in her most beautiful hours, and gives to his canvass the visible impression of the scene before him; look at this picture—it represents a sea shore scene under the shadowy light of a breaking dawn—the low flat sands—the buoy—the black heavy sails of the ships seen in the dim haze against the unfolding light of morning—all are very fine and deserving of very high encomium.

No. 27.—MOONLIGHT.—*George Arnold, A. R. A.* This is a

quiet scene—the colouring is soft, delicate, and transparent—the shadowy green predominates perhaps somewhat too much.

No. 31.—THE YOUNG WARRENER.—*C. Hancock.* We cannot always absolve Mr. Hancock from the sea of mannerism; he has displayed it somewhat in this picture—though not perhaps so glaringly as in former ones—the figure of the pony is good—but we consider the dogs decidedly faulty.

No. 32.—LE BEAU TEMPS.—*A. Geddes, A. R. A.* We can only say of this picture, that it is either a bad imitation of Stothard or Danby, or else that it is something decidedly new, as nothing like it is in our opinion to be found in nature—it would be injustice therefore on our parts were we to subject it to commentary or criticism.

No. 40. BOYHOOD, A STUDY.—64. PETS.—*John Partridge.* The first of these is a head, and an extremely beautiful one; the colouring is firm, delicate, and exquisitely managed; it is quite a gem: the second picture is a very pleasing one, but has none of those fine touches of painting in which the former abounds; the conception is good, but the colouring is heavy, and the whole wants grace.

No. 41. AMY ROBSART.—142. THE GOLDEN AGE.—147. VENUS AND CUPID.—154. THE FIRST BORN.—*John Wood.* We are induced to class these four paintings together, inasmuch as (with one exception only) they are all portraits. We regret this the more, as we cannot perceive in them any thing that will tend materially to raise the artist's fame or reputation, and as we know that Mr. Wood possesses talents of a higher order than can be judged of by his works in the present exhibition. Some of his studies from the Life Academy, which we have seen at the City Artists and Amateurs Conversazione, are exceedingly beautiful.

No. 46. SCENE IN WALES.—*W. Shayer.* We do not consider Mr. Shayer's works in the present exhibition so good as many that we have formerly seen from his pencil; the one before us we consider to be rather cold in tone and colour. His view near Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, we prefer to the others. Generally speaking, the style he adopts is common-place, and if he only painted half the number of pictures he does, he would paint twice as well; we should not then have to criticise so severely, and the public and the painter would reap the greater benefit.

No. 60. CURIOSITY.—74. A VILLAGE SCHOOL.—135. A DISASTER.—457. THE PEDLAR.—*J. Webster.* Some of these pictures are new to us—others are old friends; but of them both we may say that they do not realize what Mr. Webster's best friends were led to expect from

his earlier performances. His pictures still possess much excellence, but they want variety and force, and they are monotonous and flat in colour. The Village School scene is the best picture of the four; the tale is better told than in the others.

No. 52. *HYLAS AND THE NYMPHS*.—82. *THE PERSIAN*.—241. *GATHERING FLOWERS*.—283. *A SKETCH MADE FOR THE SACRED ANNUAL*.—*W. Etty, R.A.* Mr. Etty is in general a great lion at this gallery, but we have heard of inferior animals clothed in lions' skins, a circumstance which always makes us apprehensive of imitators. The first picture has been exhibited before, and therefore requires no further notice from us here. The Persian is a new face, and has been much admired by many for the excellent and finished style in which the jewellery on the Ataghan dagger is worked up—a point of beauty and delicacy which we are willing to concede; but, when this is said, we doubt much whether there is any thing in the remaining parts of the picture that the talents of so popular an artist as Mr. Etty may boast of; the other pictures are perhaps still less worthy of him—our contemporary, *The Spectator*, has in a very just and spirited manner remonstrated with this artist upon these meagre specimens of his talents. The public has a right to expect something better from one, who, in colouring, grouping, and general anatomical correctness of his figures, ranks second to no other artist. We are unwilling thus to express opinions that may seem at variance with what we have previously written, but a sense of candour compels us occasionally to adopt that course.

No. 53. *SUNSET*.—*J. P. Knight*. A very good painting: the disposition and attitude of the figures is well kept, and the whole composition is very beautiful; the yellow reflected colour of the sunset may be perhaps rather too prominently displayed.

No. 58. *SABRINA*.—69. *PEASANTS OF THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES*.—133. *A CHALDEAN SHEPHERD*.—271. *INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO THE NORTH OF ENGLAND*.—*H. Howard*. None of these pictures are of that high class of Art that we should expect from Mr. Howard. The Sabrina is vulgar in style and conception; the Peasants of Naples is a more pleasing subject, but the characters belong rather to our own country than to Italy; the third picture has been exhibited before; the fourth is the worst of the whole. Why does not Mr. Howard paint some more pictures like his Florentine girl—his Pleiades or his Hylas, and the nymphs which were so universally admired—they shewed a fine imagination and fancy—a delicate perception of the beautiful, and a rich feeling for Art which rendered them far superior to the paintings in this exhibition.

No. 69. CALM ON THE ZUYDER ZEE, VANDER CAPILLA SKETCHING—*John Wilson*. This is a fine picture and true to nature—the blue expanse of the water, the low hulls, with their sails depicted on the light are beautifully done—it is a clever performance, and has many of those excellent points of painting about it which distinguished some of the Dutch Masters.

No. 68. ITALIAN CHILDREN—*Lady Burghersh*. We shall not, we hope, be accused of falsehood, if we state our conviction that the frame of this picture is its best part—the poor children look as though they had lived upon bread and water all their lives, and the painting(?) is altogether as wretched a daub as imagination could well fancy. We can pardon the vanity of the artist for supposing her picture fit for exhibition—but we cannot overlook the disgraceful favoritism that would allow such a miserable specimen of Art to be hung up, to the exclusion of some picture of far higher pretensions.

No. 70. DOVER-PIER—*G. Chambers*. Stanfield himself could not have painted a finer sea than this, there is a fine freedom and effect about it—a proper artistical feeling for the subject that we like very much.

No. 72. AN ALBANIAN—*T. Von Holst*. This picture deserves a better situation than it has received, it is placed so low and near the floor that few will see it; we took the trouble to examine it attentively and found much to admire in it: it is a fine and spirited performance.

No. 83. STUDY FOR THE MINSTREL.—182. CONVOLVALINA.—356. TAKING THE VEIL—*T. Uwins*. These are three beautiful pictures, the second is a rich little gem and very beautifully painted; the third was at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, and we need not, therefore, notice it again.

We regret our inability to proceed further with our Review in the present number. There are works of equal prominence with those we have already specified in the middle and south rooms; among which we may briefly enumerate those of—*J. Stark; A. G. Vickers, jun.; D. McClise; W. Gill; R. Edmonstone; H. Pidding; C. Landseer; J. Constable, R. A.; Mrs. C. Pearson; T. Crestwick; A. Frazer; J. Inskipp; J. M. Leigh; W. Brockedon; E. Robinson; J. Hilder; R. T. Bone; G. Jones, R. A.; A. Cooper, R. A.; A. Morton; F. R. Lee; T. S. Cope; R. B. Davis; C. R. Stanley; J. A. O'Connor; Mrs. Robertson; F. P. Stephanoff; J. Holland; E. F. Green; G. Barrett*—in sculpture, *R. Westmacott; J. G. Lough; E. Cotterill; W. Pitt; C. Rossi, R. A.*; and upon these, or a portion of them, with perhaps a few others, we shall go into the necessary details in the ensuing month.

one of the pictures

Exhibition of the Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches of the late R. P. Bonington. 209 Regent Street.

IT is impossible to enter the room which contains the relics of this highly gifted young artist, without experiencing sensations analogous to those with which we tread the chamber of the departed. The pensive countenance of Bonington, at the end of the gallery, the memorials around, from the earliest commencement to the perfection of a power which will never be displayed by the same hand again, are indeed melancholy memento that neither the extensive possession of versatile talent, nor the delicate harmony of refined feelings, can ward off an ultimatum never to be avoided. Many additions have been made to this Exhibition, by the production of various paintings belonging to private individuals, and the whole collection will afford the most intense interest to the amateur and the student; we observed Etty, Collins, Westmacott and Phillips, among the apparently delighted spectators; and we cannot give a better opinion, generally, respecting the works of Art under consideration, than by adopting the language of the venerable Stothard, who, after gazing intently upon the beautiful pictures of "Henry 3 of France," the "Turk smoking," and others, turned round and said to us, "They are very clever"

June

Models of the Thames Tunnel &c. King William Street, Strand.

MR. Day, already known to architects as a very ingenious modeller, has opened an interesting collection of architectural designs in plaster &c. which exhibit great beauty of effect and delicacy of execution. They display that fascinating minutæ which professional men must ever admire, and which possesses such powerful claims on the more slender connoisseurship of the eye-wise public. In small models foreigners have hitherto held a very high rank, but a rival of fitting pretensions has appeared in the person of Mr. Day, whose labours, divesting architecture of its dry and uninteresting detail and maze of lines and letters, render it an amusing scheme of anticipation till the Brobdignagian builder eclipse the Lilliputian spell.

Like a bold man he has not scrupled to advance on debateable land, and, while the architect and engineer are alike tremulously alive to the future fate of the National Gallery and the Thames Tunnel, the unopposed modeller quietly lets the public into the secrets of both. Amidst the various alterations to which the offspring of Mr.

Wilkins has been subject, it is difficult to say whether the present model be a perfect authority; it may not be, yet, it is nevertheless a very pretty one, and will suffer less from the ignorance of councils of taste and pragmatistical delegates than its 50 feet deep parent. The fountain and piece of water will prove a novel and agreeable feature, if the hidden arbiters of taste will deign to allow of a metropolitan embellishment characterized by the least elegance or propriety. The model of the Tunnel is well calculated to afford a good notion of that sub-aquean wonder to the timid of either sex, who may entertain a horror of visiting the depths of the water. The effect is that of the Tunnel completed, and, by an ingenious introduction of gas, the little lamps stretching out their lengthy line, give a cheerful appearance to the double line of arches. A model of the ingress and egress by means of the shaft is also exhibited; the design for a Senate House with Military and Naval Monuments is a beautiful impossibility; we say impossibility, not from any bar to the work in itself, but from a conviction that the æra has not yet arrived, when England will dare to achieve that greatness which alone is wanting to complete her glory. We are accustomed to gaze with wonder at any extra display of architectural invention as a thing of fairy-land, whereas, if there existed in the land the commonest feeling for the grand and beautiful, a moderate, very moderate national subscription, even 1s. 6d. per head, would enable us to drag all Europe to our huge metropolis, and the fogs and smoke, catarrhs and consumptions would be lost sight of in the wonder created by a really National Edifice.

Among the models in this interesting collection are, a projected Viaduct from Fetter Lane to the Old Bailey, grand designs for a metropolitan Church, and a public building together with the Porticoes of the Parthenon, and the Temple of Tentyris, with a variety of other architectural illustrations, executed with knowledge and delicacy, the whole forming a very agreeable study.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture. Relfe and Fletcher, Cornhill.—
Tilt, Fleet Street.—Moon, Boys and Graves, Pall Mall.

WE gladly welcome the appearance of another number, of this beautiful publication, in which elegance of design and correctness of execution are rivals for the capture of our imagination. "The Distressed Mother," engraved by G. Thompson, from a sculpture by Westmacott, is indeed a gem, the calm tranquillity of sad distress is

evident in the countenance and general character of the lorn female, the drapery is exquisitely managed, and the infant, sleeping in unconscious innocence on its mother's bosom, beautiful in the extreme. Mr. Carew has given us a fine model of athletic strength in "The Falconer," which is well engraved by W. T. Fry; the anatomical delineation of this figure appears to us to be very correctly expressed; the united directions of the eye of the hawk and Falconer, are admirable, as is the dead quarry in his right hand. There is, however, something in this lovely engraving not altogether suited to our ideas on this subject; we have been too much accustomed to the contemplation of the merrie greene wood, and the jovial falconer in Lincoln green with gallant hawk on fist, to appreciate duly the truly classic figure before us. Innocence from the chisel of F. Bienaimé, engraved by Fry, we agree in its accompanying text that it is a fine performance, and must rank highly as a work of Art, but its poetical conceptions are not entitled to such exalted praise.

Memorials of Oxford. Part XV. London, Tilt.

WE gave a sincere expression of our opinions on the nature and merits of this work in our last number, nor do we perceive any feature in the present to alter our judgment, Mackenzie and Le Keux, seem resolved to wear armour of proof, and are determined that we shall find no vulnerable portion in their coats of mail. The two plates of this number, comprising The West front, Hall and Chapel of Oriel College will fully bear us out in our assertions. The style in which they are built may be called perpendicular, but by no means of a genuine character; they contain notwithstanding details highly interesting to the student. The wood cuts are clearly and well executed.

Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.

London, Tilt.

THERE is a very evident improvement in the present number of this work; we noticed in our last a want of regularity in perfection, which had thrown a cloud over the fair fame of some of its predecessors, and we hail with pleasure the sunshine which at present is upon us. The Knight of Snowdon, from an ancient carving in Stirling Castle, before whom, "The ruddy lion ramps in gold" is by itself worth the

whole cost of the number, and will be more highly prized by the real admirer of the *Bard who sleeps* than any effort, however beautiful, of fancy portraiture. Thrievie Castle which illustrates "Lord Maxwell's Goodnight" is a fine representation of one of those old feudal dens, which, though we now regard with veneration and romantic feeling, were formerly places which we would have given our ears to be away from. Hexelcleugh from a drawing by Creswick is a delightful view of the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and would justly be called a gem, if Mr. W. B. Cooke had engraved it with more precision; the cliff on the right is harsh, and the woody portions by no means well executed, the mass of foliage on the left hand is little better than a mass of blots and scratches. The next and last plate we shall notice, is the Glen of the Greta spoken of in Rokeby, it is painted by G. Balmer, and engraved by W. Miller, and is, whether regarded as a composition or for the manner in which it is executed, highly deserving of admiration.

Henry

Dallaway's Discourses upon Architecture in England, from the Norman Era, to the close of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. London, J. Williams.

IN this treatise, which Mr. Dallaway has modestly denominated "Discourses," he has given perhaps as diffusive and extended a view of ancient English Architecture as was ever comprised in the compass of such a volume as the one now lying before us. He has treated well and learnedly upon the various features of building, from the early Saxon, Anglo-Norman and Norman, to the Lancet or early English, and decorated Gothic, explaining the origins and marked peculiarities of each, and adducing in proof of his assertions, either the existence of models, or else quotations from authors of the first authority both ancient and modern. The student will be particularly delighted to find in this unassuming and excellent volume, a description of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Continent, whereby he will be enabled to form a more just idea of the degree of originality which should be attached to that of his native country. The analysis of Cathedral, Conventual and Parochial Churches, together with the disquisition on ancient military Architecture and the Tudor style, are all written with the pen of a ready writer, and with the power of one who has well studied and is thoroughly conversant with the subject on which he treats; it is a highly interesting work and should be in the

possession of every person who has a real desire to become well acquainted with the ancient relics of his country, for it appears to combine much that is excellent, valuable, and necessary. *Hume*

Arcana of Science and Art, or Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, &c. John Limbird, 143, Strand.

THIS highly entertaining little volume embraces an extensive and judicious survey and account of the chief inventions and improvements which have taken place, or come under scientific notice, during the past year. The tenor of the work is excellent: there is enough to amuse and satisfy an enquiring mind. We think it well calculated, from the diversity of its contents, to command extensive patronage. *Hume*

An Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby Place, London.

By E. L. BLACKBURN, Architect. John Williams, Charles Street, Soho Square.

THIS work will be a desideratum at the present time, when the beautiful relic on which it treats is undergoing the effects of that restorative and highly laudable spirit which has arisen up in these our days of improvement. Mr. Blackburn has well and judiciously written his little treatise, showing much antiquarian research and justness of architectural judgment. *Hume*

History of England, by Hume and Smollett; with a Continuation.

By the Rev. T. S. HUGHES. Vol. I. A. J. Valpy, A.M.

THE merits of Hume and Smollett's History of England are so well known, that any dissertation upon them here would be not only irrelevant, but tedious. As there is no account of English history written with such elegance of language, so there cannot be a more judicious work for the perusal of all who are anxious to be thoroughly acquainted with the past transactions of their native land. The present work combines all the beautiful qualities of the Shakespeare lately published. The plates are very beautiful, though we cannot pledge ourselves for the positive resemblance of some of them to our English kings. The present volume commences with an account of the early Britons, and terminates with the death of Henry II. in 1189. *Hume*

The Young Seer, or Early Searches into Futurity. By ELIZABETH FRANCES DAGLEY. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

In this little volume, written obviously for the praiseworthy object of annihilating the silly weakness of wishing to become acquainted with futurity, Miss Dagley has composed a very entertaining and affecting tale; there is throughout a simplicity of language which does honor to her understanding, and the evidence of a Christian purity of purpose, which has induced her to warn her fellow-travellers of the stormy way to avoid every rock which may tend, "though ever so remotely, to weaken their faith in the providence of God, and their reliance on the Redeemer he has sent."

Spencer

Family Classical Library. No. I. Valpy.

THERE is no variation in the excellence of this work, which, in the present number, comprises from the 17th to the 22nd book of Livy, commencing with the defeat and death of Cneius Fulvius, the proconsul, by Hannibal, and closing with an account of the friendly treaty between the Romans and Nabis, tyrant of Lacedæmon.

Spencer

Fairy Mab. Ackerman, Strand; and Moon, Boys, & Graves, Pall Mall.

Mr. RADDON has taken much pains in engraving one of the extravaganzas of Fuseli, but we must confess we cannot perceive aught wonderfully captivating in this print; there is a want of just proportion manifest in several of its parts.

Spencer

CHIT CHAT.—ARTISTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fourth Meeting of the Artists and Amateurs Conversazione was held on Wednesday, February 5th, at the Freemason's Tavern, but owing to the state of the weather, the attendance was not so full as on former occasions. Three of Roberts' charming drawings, framed and glazed, were lying on the table: the Court of Lions, in the Alhambra, particularly attracted our attention: it is a spot consecrated by the spirit of beauty and the genius of history. With the joint efforts of such men as Wilkie, Roberts, and Lewis, we may expect the treasures

of Spain, animate and inanimate, to be unfolded to our eyes in the triple accents of truth. A proof etching of Mr. Burnet's "News of Trafalgar"—a sort of companion to Wilkie's "Waterloo"—afforded an insight into the ground-work of that composition; but, as it will come before us in a more questionable shape, we shall refrain from comment. We were rather amused at an interesting collection of sketches made by different artists, to illustrate "the Artist in Danger." It was odd to trace the various modes by which artists were supposed to be made miserable, or put in jeopardy: one was descending too rapidly from a ceiling scaffolding—in danger of a fall; another surprised, during a rural sketch, by a mad bull—in danger of a rise; another sketching in a boat, which leaks—in danger of a sink; and another obtaining a salute from a female sitter, the husband coming in at the time—in danger of a kick; and so on to the end of the dangerous chapter. But the objects which chiefly attracted our attention, were two drawings by Mr. Duncan; one representing Windsor Castle and the adjacent buildings, as seen from the river at the present moment, and the other, the same view of the Castle, with certain improvements which might be effected on the prosecution of the rail-road. According to the plan suggested, the old and unpicturesque buildings which destroy the effect of the landscape, would be cleared away, and a range of commodious edifices in the Gothic style would be erected on the quay, along which the rail-road would be laid, so as to serve as a towing-path for barges. By this alteration, the chief palace of the British Sovereign would appear rising from the seat of wealth and content, instead of, as at present, towering above the low and gloomy tenements, which lie like a frowning mass at the foot of imperial Windsor.

ANECDOTES OF NORTHCOTE, No. I.—"I am going, Sir," said a young artist to Mr. Northcote, "to undertake an original picture." "I am very sorry for it," replied the Academician, in his usual dry and lengthened style. "Why so, Sir; I have been copying for five years?" "Copy ten years, young man, and then try an original."

On the death of Mr. President West, Mr. Northcote was asked why he did not aspire to the chair at the Academy. "I am getting too old," said he, "to make long speeches and eat great dinners."

Northcote's appearance when painting, during the last two or three years of his life, was any thing but prepossessing. Dressed in his old flannel gown, which appeared to be the very mantle bequeathed to him by his great master Sir Joshua, his double spectacles mounted on his nose, his lean and withered countenance, and his whole ap-

pearance indicated a man of distant and repulsive habits; rather than one possessing manners of the most kind and intelligent character. "Look at me, my dear," said he to a little boy, whose portrait he was painting, "now do look at me." "I really cannot," said the child, "you are such a little ugly old man." Perhaps no man ever existed who was more ardently attached to his profession, and who spent less time in any other pursuit, than Mr. Northcote. It was a common observation of his, that no painter ever arrived at eminence, unless he possessed what he called "the true enthusiasm." A friend calling upon him on one occasion, found him in much trouble, he having received a summons to attend the grand jury, and not knowing exactly how to excuse himself. "Send a certificate of your age and infirmity from your medical attendant," said his visitor. "Why, I really think I must," he replied; "for although I have no personal objection to serve on the jury—and it would be a change for me, as I am hardly ever out of my room—yet only think of the time I should lose from my painting." The veteran was on the eve of fourscore when this circumstance occurred.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—We attended the private view of this exhibition, which consists of a view of Fountain's Abbey by moonlight, and the Crypt of the Cathedral of St. Denis. The former was extremely beautiful, but the moonlight reflected on the earth was too vivid, and had an almost supernatural appearance. The Crypt of St. Denis was depicted in a style which seemed identity itself; it was indeed a splendid picture. The massive Norman pillars, the solemn and lonely mausolea of the dead, the beautiful and varied succession of sunlight about the bust of Marguerite de Provence, together with the softened tones of the organ, composed a scene which we shall not easily forget.

THE PALACE built for the late Duke of York, and now belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, is about to undergo considerable alterations. Workmen have already begun to remove the parts above the cornice, in order to there being added a regular attic, which will materially increase the accommodation of the domestic apartments, and add to the appearance of the exterior, by giving greater importance and elevation to the several fronts. It is said that the original architect, Mr. Wyatt, is to furnish the drawings; but that the execution of the contemplated improvements is confided to Sir Robert Smirke,—a strange arrangement, and doubtless mortifying to both these eminent architects. Full reliance can be placed upon both these gentlemen in their respective operations, but it seems remarkable, that the one

should be thought capable of designing only, and that to the other should be entrusted the practical department alone. We understand that Mr. Barry is executing some considerable works at the country seat of this wealthy nobleman.

THE COLLEGE OF SURGEONS is about to be completely re-modelled, and a very fine design by Mr. Barry, for the proposed alterations, which will include one of the adjoining houses, has been approved by the President and Council. Operations are to commence forthwith; the Hunterian Lecture, lately delivered by Mr. Lawrence, and which has been so much talked of, being the last public act which will take place in that theatre. It is to be hoped that the architect will seize this opportunity of materially improving the elevation, by giving greater height and more play of outline to the cumbrous portico.

THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB-HOUSE in Pall Mall, erecting near the National Gallery, is proceeding with steadily, although slowly. A thick bed of concrete forms a solid basis for the footings of the walls, the lines of which, to the height of a few feet, are now completed in Sir Robert Smirke's usually solid style of construction. We trust, however, that in his elevation, he will depart somewhat from that heavy character, devoid of ornament, that too often distinguishes his fronts, and allow in this façade a little more variety of design and decorative embellishment, so apt in edifices of this public, yet domestic nature.

THE PANTHEON, in which the stately brocade-attired goddesses of the last century received the adoration of their courtly votaries, is likely to be in a short time the daily resort of their equally beautiful and accomplished grand-daughters, and *their* no less devoted admirers. The old building and some adjacent premises are being converted into a splendid edifice for an establishment of great and extensive attraction and utility. At the front of the building in Oxford Street, are to be spacious saloons and galleries, for the exhibition and sale of sculpture, paintings, and all other works connected with the Fine Arts, ancient and modern, to which the admission will be gratuitous. In the centre will be a bazaar of unequalled extent and splendor; and a conservatory and aviary, for the sale of choice birds and plants, will form an elegant entrance from Marlborough Street. The attractions of each department, by increasing the number of its neighbour's visitors, will conduce to the advantage of the whole. The constant and uncontrolled opportunities of exhibiting works, which the first department will afford, having been long desiderated by the professors and admirers of the Fine Arts, we gladly avail ourselves



Gallery 20 ft
10 1/2 ft
Gallery 24 ft

UPPER FLOOR.

Gallery 22 ft
30 1/2 ft

Gallery 30 ft

THE
BAZAAR

Terrace
over
Portico

Saloon
50 ft by 22 ft

Saloon
25 ft
Square

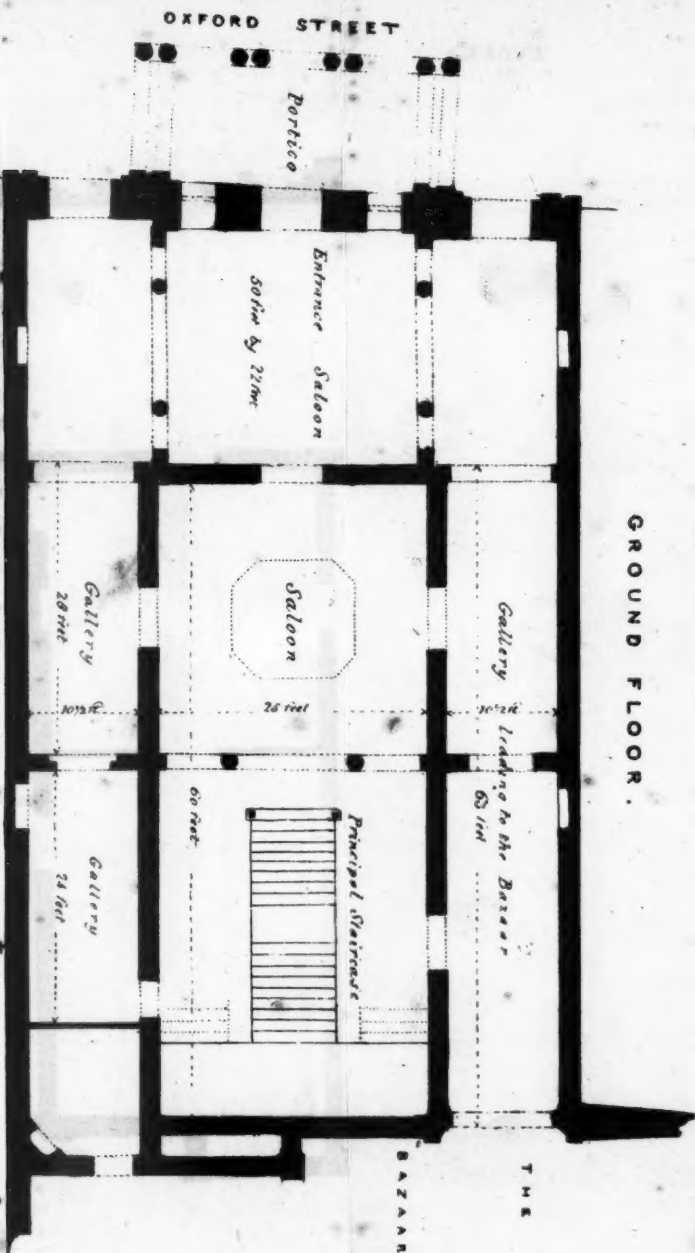
Upper Part
of
Staircase

Gallery 22 ft
51 ft

PANTHEON.

SALOON OF FINE ARTS.

GROUND FLOOR.



of an offer that has been made us, to present to our readers a plan of the saloons and galleries.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A festival is about to be celebrated, superior in scale to that of the last century, on the recollections of which our fathers delight so much to dwell; we allude of course to the Commemoration of Handel. We have heard, that when a repetition of that glorious fete was proposed, shortly after its last celebration, it was objected to on the score of danger to the abbey. We have greater confidence in the judgment of the architects of the present day, and feel assured that those ecstatic feelings which arise "from harmony, from heavenly harmony" will suffer no unnecessary alloy from fear connected with the safety of one of the most august temples in the kingdom. We rejoice indeed heartily, at the intelligence, for music seems to have lost her seat among us; we are it is true, deluged with a sea of mawkish conceptions, dedicated to the boarding-school miss, but the solemn strains of a Handel and a Mozart, and the mighty harp of Weber, are silent among us. *Rever*

ANTIENT ALTAR SCREEN, AT ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.—It is well for the lovers of antient Art, that the ravages of the besotted and purblind bigot, did not so wholly destroy this beautiful monument of architectural excellence, that no trace should be left for the skilful artist of this regenerative age. It has been restored in a truly admirable manner, under the direction of Mr. Robert Wallace, architect; its exquisitely beautiful principles and detail have been finely expressed, and the carving admirably executed by Mr. Purday. The restoration reflects the greatest credit on the highly cultivated taste and intellects of those public-spirited individuals who have nobly come forward in its defence, and it stands a noble monument of their freedom from narrow-minded prejudice and deplorable ignorance. *Rever*

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The architectural drawings have already been sent in to the society of Arts for the competition, the subjects of which are, an ornamental conservatory, drawings of St. Martin's church, and original compositions of architectural ornament. Some of the latter display considerable taste and talent. One candidate has advanced his claims to patience, by no fewer than fourteen drawings of original compositions: the first committee sat on Monday, the 10th.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY will be opened on the 24th inst., and we understand that pictures are expected to be sent by the following eminent artists:—Roberts, Davis, Wilson, Linton, Lance, Uwins, Ferk, Vickers, Holland, Priest, Creswick, Allen, Hofland, Hawkins, Boaden, Lonsdale, Faulkner, Fraser, Pyme, Chambers, and others.

ARTIST'S CONVERSAZIONE, LUDGATE HILL.—This society had a meeting on the 20th ult. which was tolerably attended. There was a good show of works of Art, among which we particularly noticed a fine painting by Mr. Wood, of "Endymion sleeping," several beautiful sketches by Mr. Nash, and a portfolio of gems, among which the Hop-pickers were beautifully prominent.

We have been much delighted at THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, in Edward Street, Portman Square, composed of a number of professional gentlemen and amateurs, which is extremely well conducted by Mr. Graves. Messrs. Smith and Musgrove are fine violinists, and will, we predicate, become exquisite performers on that instrument. Every arrangement connected with this elegant little Society is excellent. We heard a member, an amateur, play that lovely air "Auld Robin Gray," on the flute, in a style which we feel persuaded Nicholson would not have been ashamed of.

MIRROR.—This interesting little periodical has lately contained some very excellent specimens of wood-engraving—we allude to the views of Chatsworth, the Tomb of Chaucer, and the portion of the Bayeux Tapestry with its entertaining letter-press.

In our next number we hope to be able to give some account of the successful casting of Mr. Campbell's colossal equestrian group, for Lord Hopetoun's monument about to be erected in Edinburgh. The statue of the noble lord, which is nine feet in height, has already been successful; the horse remains to be tried in metal (mettle). Should this experiment succeed, the antient mode of casting in one piece will become general, since there are many disadvantages attending the usual methods of casting a statue in several pieces and then soldering them together, independent of the pride concerned in an allowance of inferiority on the part of the moderns.

There is a competition by advertisement, for a statue to be erected in St. Paul's, to the memory of the late Dr. Babington. The sum offered is £1200.

The works at the New National Gallery are proceeding rapidly; a sudden fit of expedition having seized the some one or other who directs these things. The old Mews is being demolished, it now being resolved to complete the new structure before any one can publish more remarks against it. Mr. Wilkins, whatever he may have done to provoke literary anger, has, certainly, been very ill used in the whole affair. He was first of all shackled by the never to be forgiven vote, and then hampered to death by the repeated alterations of the enemies of taste.

The sable knights of the pestle and mortar seem determined to dis-

grace Trafalgar square with the filthy exterior of their college. With such a predilection for dirt, they could surely be accommodated with premises in some obscure corner, where they might indulge their gloomy fancies without disfiguring a beautiful portion of the metropolis.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Stanfield was, perhaps, never more happy in the delineation of scenery, than in the interior of the palace of Christianbourg. He has well overcome the difficult task of representing a ceiling in theatrical arrangements. It was indeed a beautiful picture, and we observed a minuteness of detail and harmony of character truly delightful, the scenic representation of this piece, and St. George and the Dragon, afforded a rich treat, and compensated us for the patience of sitting out a comedy, than which we never witnessed one instancing more paucity of incident or insipidity of dialogue.

VICTORIA THEATRE.—We have been both delighted and amused in visiting this excellent place of public entertainment. The scenery is extremely good and appropriate, and the theatrical costume arranged with great attention to propriety, and the particular era of the piece. The snow-storm amid the Alps, in *The Headman*, was a beautiful picture; and in Mr. Knowles' revised play of *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, are thoughts and sentiments at once poetic, elegant, and good. The whole character of this theatre is changed; it no longer is liable to objections which once existed; for within its walls may now be perceived the young, the beautiful, the innocent, and the happy.

LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE, BY RAPHAEL.

THERE is at present at Messrs. Moon, Boys and Graves, a picture of the first class, and one which demands the attention of connoisseurs. It is no less important a work than the celebrated "*La Belle Jardinière*," by Raffaello, a counterpart of which is in the Louvre, but which is of so inferior a stamp as almost to preclude the probability of its having been painted by that master. This fine work was executed at Florence, and was purchased by Francis I. of France; afterwards finding its way into the collection of Cardinal Mazarin, whence, after various changes of possessor it came into the hands of its present proprietor. It was so fully appreciated by the principal French artists, that, before the revolution of 1830, it was in contemplation to regain this admirable work. Four thousand pounds, it is reported, have been offered for it, the sum of nine thousand pounds being the sum it is valued at.

There is one fact connected with the history of this precious picture which it may be as well to mention, since the national taste, if not the national honor, may be implicated in the result. Russia, eager in the field of Art as in every other arena of ambition, is about to grasp the treasure; and yet, thanks to the notorious apathy of Englishmen with regard to "the useless Arts," no resistance is offered to the perpetration of this flagrant evil. Thus was the Houghton Gallery torn from our feeble virtue, and thus the collection of the King of Bavaria passed from our hands for a very trifling sum. There are, perhaps, only two men in the kingdom, who, on being made sensible of the loss we have sustained, would not feel that these events are na-

tional disasters. In the name of all that is intellectual and beautiful why are our rulers so utterly callous to *their* higher interests, as to listen to the claims of Art with apathy or contempt? Are they not men of education? Do they not possess refined feelings? What then can account for the drowy regard they vouchsafe to the origin of the purest pleasures? Where can be their pride, their honest pride, in allowing unmoved the taunts of foreigners, as they sarcastically inquire for the title deeds of "the first nation in the world?" Where the fidelity they have sworn towards the national fame? Where the elevation of sentiment befitting the rulers of a mighty state? Political dexterity alone will never endear a minister in the people's recollection, it is too often an act of hostility, generally an act of self defence; but when the fostering hand of power is extended over the milder realm of the Fine Arts it becomes the dispenser of intellectual blessings, is the creator of a bulwark which shall more effectually resist the efforts of anarchy, than all the galling impositions of a penal code.

We have a great respect for Lord Grey, yet we still wish it were possible to send him on a voyage of discovery, not to the North Pole, but to Munich, where he might behold a magnificent temple worthy of any nation, created by the munificence and taste of an enlightened Sovereign; but that the lesson might be profitable, he should recollect that this splendid collection was formed, owing to the apathy, not of his own government, but of one equally callous to the glories of the Fine Arts. An absolute Sovereign created the Glyptotheca. Absolute or not, honor to the King of Bavaria: he has rendered an atom of Germany a shrine of intellectual devotion. A petty prince has shamed the governors of free-born citizens, has eclipsed the proud mistress of the seas. Would that one spark from the altar he has raised might irradiate the gloomy horizon of British Art! Louis of Bavaria has set a noble example to the anointed of the earth; he has taught his people the elements of love and respect, and reaps from their increasing exaltation the golden harvest of loyalty and gratitude.

One trait in the character of this monarch is deserving of notice. He was requested, by some of those narrow-minded politicians who infest all courts, to place a railing or sentinel before some work of Art lest the odious people should dare to *feel* its merits. To this truly well bred request the noble Louis replied with a generous indignation "No, gentlemen, I will allow of no barriers between my people and the beautiful!"

Our gracious Monarch would be the first to uphold our intellectual greatness, were the breath of an expectant nation allowed to proclaim its desires within the precincts of the throne. Has Glory withdrawn its herald from the courtly halls? Were we not fearful of invading the retirement of Royalty, we would petition his Majesty to deign to bestow one look of patronage towards the Arts of his country: we would venture in the respectful yet solicitous language of artistic zeal, to expose the wants and discontent of a great portion of his loyal and intellectual subjects, and we would urge with becoming deference the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, in shaming that pitiful and degrading parsimony, which, failing to discern the proper objects for the exercise of economy, blights the opening bud of intellectuality with its icy touch.